THE FIRST

and Second parts of King *Edward the Fourth.*

CONTAINING.

His merie paſtime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire Miſtriſſe Shore, her great promotion, fall and miſerie, and laſtly the lamentable death of both her and her husband.

Likewiſe the beſieging of London, by the Baſtard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the ſame by the Lord Maior and the *Citizens.*

As it hath diuers times beene publikely played by the Right Honourable the Earle of *Derbie his ſernants.*

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THE FIRST AND SECOND parts of King Edward the fourth.

Contayning his merrie pastime with the Tanner of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to faire Mistresse Shore, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly the lamentable death of both her and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke; the Queene, the Lord Howard, and Sir Thomas Sellinger,

Dutchesse.

SOnne I tell ye you haue done you know not what:

King. I haue married a woman, else I am deceiued mother.

Dutch. Married a woman? married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befits a King:
It is no maruaile it was done in haste,
Here is a Bridall and with hell to boote,
You haue made worke.

King. Faith mother some we haue indeed, but ere long you shall see vs make worke for an heire apparant I doubt not, nay, nay, come come, Gods will what chiding still?

Dutch. O God that ere I liude to see this day.

Kin. By my faith mother, I hope you shall see the night to, and in the morning I will be bold to bid you to the Christning Grandmother, and God mother to a Prince of Wales, tut mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent Warwicke into France for this?

King. No by my faith mother I sent Warwicke into France for an other, but this by chance being neerer hand, and comming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and nowe (as you see) are going about to get a young King.

Dutch. But tell me sonne how will you answere this?
Ist possible your rash vnlawfull act,
Should not breed mortall hate betwixt the Realmes?
What may the French King thinke when he shall heare
That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter,
Basely to take a subiect of your owne?
What may the Princesse Bona thinke of this?
Our noble Cosin Warwicke that great Lord,
That Center-shaking thunderclap of warre,
That like a Colum propt the house of Yorke:
And boare our white Rose bravely in his top,
When he shall here his embassage abusde,
In this but made an instrument by you,
I know his soule will blush with in his bosome,
And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brow,
To haue his honor toucht with this foule blemish
Sonne, sonne, I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is vnborne shall rue.

King. Tush mother you are deceiued, all true subiectes shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their King borne of a true English woman, I tell you it was neuer well since wee matched with strangers, so our children haue beene still like Chicken of the halfe kind, but where the cocke and the hen be both of one breede, there is like to bee birds of the game: heare you mother, here you, had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sonnes George and Dicke to haue stoode gaping after the crowne: this wench mother is a widow, and hath made proofe of her valour, and for any thing I know, I am as like to do the deed as Iohn Gray her husband was, I had rather the people prayed to blesse mine heire, then sende me an heire: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer mother had a towarder sonne, why Cosin Howard and

Tom

Tom Sellinger. Heard you euer such a coyle about a wife?
How. My soueraigne Lord with patience beare her splén
Your Princely mothers zeale is like a riuer,
That from the free aboundance of the waters,
Breakes out into this inundation,
From her aboudant care this rage proceeds,
Ore swolne with the extremitie of loue.
Sel. My Lord, my Lord, auoid a womans humor,
If you resist this tumor of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Untill she lade and dull our eares againe:
Séeme you but sorrie for what you haue done,
And straight shéele put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now since it cannot be helpt:
But make you shew to iustifie the act,
If euer other language in her lips,
Then out vpon it, it is abhominable, I dare be bandge,
Say any thing it makes no matter what,
Then thus be wearied with a womans chat,
Dutch. I, I, you are these spaniels of the Court,
And thus you fawn and sooth your wanton King,
But Edward hadst thou prizde thy maiestie,
Thou neuer wouldst haue staind thy princely state,
With the base leauings of a subiects bed:
Nor borne the blemish of her Bigamie,
A widow, ist not a goodly thing?
Grayes children come aske blessing of the King,
Qu. May I beséech your Grace my Lady Yorke,
Euen as you are a Princesse and a widow,
Thinke not so meanely of my widowhood,
A spotlesse virgin came I first to Gray,
With him I liude a true and faithfull wife:
And since his high Emperiall Maiestie,
Hath pleasde to blesse my poore deiected state
With the high Soueraigne title of his Queene.
I here protest before the host of heauen,

I came as chaft a widow to his bed,
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed.

King. Come, come haue done, nowe you haue chid inough,
Gods foote, wee were as merrie ere she came, as any people
in Christendome, I with the mistris, & these with the maides:
onely we haue no fidlers at our feast, but mother you haue
made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my
troth you are euen iust come as I wished you here, let vs go
to supper, and in Charitie giue vs your blessing ere we go to
Bedde.

Duch. O Edward, Edward, flie and leaue this place,
Whereinn poore fillis King thou art inchanted,
This is her dam of Bedfords worke her mother,
That hath bewitcht thee Edward my poore childe.
Dishonour not the Princes of thy land,
To make them kneele with reuerence at her feete,
That ere thou didst empale with soueraintie,
They would haue scorned to haue loked vpon,
Theres no such difference twixt the greatest Peere,
And the poore silliest kitching maide that liues,
As is betwixt thy worthines and hers.

Quee. I do confesse it, yet my Lady Yorke,
My mother is a dutchesse as you are,
A Princesse borne, the Duke of Bedfords wife,
And as you know, a daughter and a sister,
Vnto the royall blood of Burgundie.
But you cannot so basely thinke on me,
As I doe thinke of these vaine worldly titles,
God from soule my sinne as farre deuide,
As I am farre from boasting in this pride.

Sellin. Madam she is the mirror of her kind,
Had she but so much spleene as hath a gnatte,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts.
She is a Saint, and Madam you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweete a Ladie.

Duch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Selling.

Selling. Madam but that you are my soueraignes mother.
I would let you know that you wrong a Gentleman,
Howard. Good Cosin Sellinger haue patience,
Her Graces rage by too much violence,
Hath spent it selfe alreadie into aire:
Deere Madam I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnesse to the Queene,
That I dare sweare she doth in soule to you.
Edw. Well said good Cose, I pray thee make them friends,
why how now Besse, what weepe? nay then ile chide you:
what sodaine newes comes by this messenger?
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. My soueraigne Lord, the bastard Falconbridge,
Of late hath stird rebellion in the South,
Incouraging his forces to deliuer,
King Henrie late deposde out of the Towre,
To him the malcontented commons flocke,
From euerie part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His armie wared twentie thousand strong,
And as it is suppolde by circumstance,
Meane to take London, if not well defended.
Ed. Well let this Phaeton that is mounted thus,
Looke he sit surely, or by Englands George,
Ile breake his necke, this is no new euasion,
I surely thought that one day I should see,
That Bastard Falcon take his wings to mount,
Into our Eagle airie, me thought I saw,
Blacke discontent sit euer on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well,
Good Cosin Howard, and Tom Sellinger.
This night weele spend in feast and iollitie,
With our new Queene, and our beloued mother,
To morrow you shall haue a commission,
To raise vp powers against this haughtie rebell:
Sirra depart and till you know our pleasure,
You shall conuey vs letters backe to London,

Vnto

Unto the Maior, Recorder, and our friends,
Is supper readie? come by my bonnie Besse,
Welcome mother, we are all your guests. Exeunt

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, Spicing. Smoake, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme,

1. Spi. Hold drumme and be hangde,

2. Smoke. Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the 3. proclamation.

1. Spi. You lie you rogue, tis to the Oration,

Chub. Nay then you all lie, tt is to the coblication,

Fal. True hearted English and our valiant friends,

all. Ho brave generall ifaith.

Spi. Peace there you rogues, or I will split your chaps.

Fal. Deare contrimen, I publikely proclaime,
If any wronged discontented English,
Toucht with the true feeling of Kings Henries wrongs,
Henrie the first the lawfull King of England,
Who by that tyrant Edward the usurper,
Is held a wretched prisoner in the Towre,
If any man that faine would be enfranchisde,
From the sad yoake of Yorkish seruitude,
Under which we toyle like naked Gallislaues,
Know he that Thomas Neuill the Lord Falconbridge.

all. I I, a Falconbridge, a Falconbridge:

Spi. Peace ye clamorous rogues, on Generall on with your Oration, peace there.

Fal. Pitying King Henries poore distressed case,
Armde with his title, and a subiects zeale,
Takes vp iust armes against the house of Yorke,
And do proclaime our ancient libertie:

all, Libertie, libertie, libertie generall libertie,

Fal. We do not rise like Tiler; Cade, and Straw,
Blewbeard, and other of that rascall route,
Basely like Tinkers, or such muddie slaues,

For

For mending measures, or the price of corne,
Or for some common in the wild of Kent.
Thats by some grædie Cormorant inclosde:
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster.
Our blood is noble, by our birth a Neuill,
And by our lawfull line Lord Falconbridge,
whose here thats of so dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a Neuils name?

All. A Neuill, a Neuil, a Neuill.

Fa. Our quarrell like our selfe is honourable,
The law our warrant.

Smoke. I, I, the law is on our side.

Chub. I, the law is in our owne hands.

Spi. Peace you rogues.

Fal. And more a blessing by the word propose,
To those that aide a true annointed King,
Courage braue spirits and crie a Falconbridge,

All. A Falconbridge, a Falconbridge,

Fal. We will be masters of the mint our selues
And set our owne stampe on the golden coyne:
wæle shoe our neighing courlers with no worse,
Then the purest siluer that is sold in Cheape.
At Leaden hall wæle sell pearles by the pecke,
As now the mealemen vse to sell their meale:
In Westminster wæle kæpe a solemne court,
And build it bigger to receiue our men,
Crie Falconbridge my hearts libertie,

All, Falconbridge and libertie, &c.

Smok. Peace ye slaues, or I will smoke ye else,

Chub. Peace ye slaues, or I will chub your chappes, but indeede thou maist well smoke them, because thy name is Smoke.

Smoke. Why sirra, I hope Smoke the Smith of Chepsted, is as good a man as Chub the Chandler of Sandwich.

Spicing. Peace ye rogues, what are you quarrelling? and

now list to Captaine Spicing.
You know Cheapeside there are the Mercers shops,
Where we will measure velure by the pikes:
And silkes and Sattens by the streetes whole breadth:
Wele take the Tankards from the Conduit cockes,
To fill with Ipocrasse and drinke carowse
Where chaines of gold and plate shall be as plentie,
As wodden dishes in the wild of Kent:

Smoke. Oh bravely said Ned Spicing, the honestest Lad that euer pounde spice in a mortar, now speakes Captaine Smoke.

Looke Lads for from this hil ye may discerne,
The lovely towne which we are marching to,
That same is London Lads ye looke vpon,
Range all arow my hearts and stand at gaze,
As doe the heards of Dére at some strange sight:
Or as a troupe of hungrie trauellers,
That fire their eies vpon a furnisht feast,
Looke how the Towre doth tice vs to come on,
To take out Henrie the first there prisoner,
See how S. Katherines smokes, wipe slaues your eies.
And whet your stomackes for the good mault pies.

Chub. Why then belike I am no bodie: roome and auoydance, for now speaks Captaine Chub.

No sooner in London will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Burchin lane shall sute vs, the Costermongers fruite vs,
The Poulters send vs in fowle,
And Butchers meat without cõtroule:
And euer when we sup or dine.
The Vintners frely bring vs in wine:
If any body aske who shall pay,
Cut off his head and send him away,
This is Captaine Chubs law whosoeuer say nay

Fal. Bravely resolude, so march we forward all,
And boldly say, good lucke shall vs befall. Exeunt.

Enter.

Enter the Lord Maior. M. Shore, M. Iosseline, in their velvet coates, and gorgets, and leading staues.

Ma. This is well done, thus should good Cittizens,
Fashion themselues as well for warre as peace:
Haue yee commanded that in euerie streete,
They hang forth lights as soone as night comes on?
Say Cosin Shoare that was referd to you,
Shore, We haue my Lord, besides from euerie hall
There is at least two hundred men in armes,
Ma. It cheares my heart to here this readines,
Let neuer rebels put true subiects downe,
Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,
As they had better keepe them further off.
But where is my Recorder? his aduise,
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.
Sho. About an houre ago, and some what more,
I left him fortifying the bridge my Lord,
Which done he purposed to méete you here:
Ma. A Discreet painefull Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde:
If we entend to haue the Cittie safe,
Or lose for thankes, and credit with the King.
I tell ye masters, aged though I be,
I (for my part will to no bed this night,
Iosse. Why is it thought the Bastard is so neare?
Ma. Hold meane ye M. Iossoline by neare?
He neither comes from Italie nor Spaine.
But out of Kent, and Esser which you know,
Are both so neare, as nearer cannot be.
Iosse. Nay, by your patience good my lord a word,
Simple though I am, yet I must confesse,
A mischiefe further off, would, and so forth.
You know my meaning, things not séene before,
Are, and so forth, yet in good sadnes,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

If may be so, what were it not for hope,
The heart and so forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpose, I, I, am sure ye doe?
Ma. Wel M. Iosseline, we are sure ye mean wel
Although some what defective in your vtterance.
Ios. I, I, my Lord Maior, I am you know,
Willing, ready, & so forth, tut, tut, for me, ha ha,
My Mansion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time:
When rebels are so busie, and so forth,
What masters, age must neuer be dispisde,
You shall find me my Lord, still, and so forth,

Enter Vrswicke the Recorder.

Sho. My Lord, now here comes M. Recorder.
Re. God euen my good Lord Maior, the streets are chaindc
The bridge well manned and euerie place preparde,
Shall we now goe together and consult,
What else there is to be determinde of?
Ma. Your comming M. Recorder was the thing
We all desired, therefore let vs consult,
And now what say ye, if with halfe our power,
We issue forth, and giue the rebels fight?
Recor. Before they doe prouoke vs neerer hand
There were no way to that, if all be pleasde,
Whats your opinion M. Iosseline?
Ios. God swith my L. Maior, and M. Recorder,
You may take your choice, but in my conceit,
Issue if you will, or else stay if you will,
A man can neuer be too warie and so forth,
Yet as to issue wil not be the worst,
Euen so to tarrie, wel, you may thinke more on't,
But all is one, we shall be sure to fight,
And you are wise enough, to see your time, I, I, a
Gods name.
Recor. My Lord accept his meaning better then his counsell

Ma,

Ma. I, so we do, or else we were to blame.
What if we stoppe the passage of the Thames,
With such prouision as we haue of shippes?
Recor. It is doubtfull yet my Lord, whether the rebels,
Purpose that way to seeke our detriment,
Rather me seemeth they will come by land,
And either make assault at London bridge,
Or else at Algate, both which enterances,
Were good they should be strongly fortified.
Iof. Well said master Recorder, you do I, I, I, ye warrant.
Recor. As for the other, the whole companies,
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,
Are drawne together for their best defence,
Beside the Towre a neighbor to that place,
As on the one side it will cleere the riuer,
So on the other with their ordenance,
It may repulse and beate them from the gate,
Ma. What noyse is this? prouide ye sodainely:
And euery man betake him to his charge. A noyse within.

Enter a Messenger.

Sho. Soft who is this, how now my friend what newes?
Mes. My master the Lieutenant of the Towre, giues ye to vnderstand, he hath descride the armie of the rebels.
Recor. Which way come they?
Mes. From Ellerward, and therefore tis his mind,
You guarde both Algate well, and Bishopsgate.
M. Saint George away, and let vs all resolue,
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout:
Preserue our goods, our children and our wiues,
Or seale our resolution with our liues. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troupes.

Fal. Summon the Citie, and command our entrance,
Which if we shall be stubbornly denide,
Our power shall rush like thunder through the walles,
Spi. Open your gates slaues when I command ye.

Spicing beates on the gates, and then enters the Lord

Maior and his associates with prentises.

Ma. Whats he that beates thus at the Cittie gates,
Commanding entrance as he were a King:

Fal. He that will haue releasement for a King:
I Thomas Neuill the Lord Falconbridge.

Spi. Ho sirra, yon, clapperdudgin, vnlocke, vnbolt,
Or ile bolt you if I get in, stand you preaching with a pore?

Ma. We haue no warrant Thomas Falconbridge.
To let your armed troupes into our Cittie,
Considering you haue taken vp these armes,
Against our soueraigne and our countries peace.

Fal. I tell thée Maior, and know he tels thée so,
That commeth armed in a Kings defence,
That I craue entrance in King Henries name,
In right of the true line of Lancaster,
Me thinkes that word spoke from a Neuils mouth:
Should like an earthquake rend your chained gates.
And teare in péeces your potculleises,
I thunder it againe into your eares,
You stout and braue couragious Londoners,
In Henries name I craue my entrance in.

R. Should Henries name command thée entrance here
We should denie alleageance vnto Edward,
Whose true and faithfull subiects we are sworne,
And in whose presence is our sword vp borne.

Fal. I tel thée traytor then thou bearst thy sword
Against thy true vndoubted King.

Shoare. Nay then I tell thée bastard Falconbridge,
My Lord Maior beares his sword in his defence,
That put the sword into the armes of London,
Made the Lord Maiors for euer after Knights,
Richard, deposde by Henrie Bullingbrooke.
From whome the house of Yorke doth claime their right.

Fal. Whats he that answeres vs thus sawcily?

Smo. Sirra your name, that we may know ye heereafter,

Sho. My name is Shoare, a Goldsmith by my trade,

Fal.

Fal. What not that Shoare that hath the daintie wife,
Shoares wife the flowre of London for her beautie.
Sho. Yes rebell euen the verie same.
Spi. Kunne rascall and fetch thy wife to our General presently, or else all the Gold in Cheapside cannot ransome her: wilt thou not stirre when I bid thée.
Fal. Shoare listen me, thy wife is mine thats flat,
This night in thine owne house she sleepes with me,
Now Crosebie the Lord shall we enter in:
Ma. Crosby the Lord Maior tels thée proud rebell no:
Fal. No Crosby shall I not: then doting Lord,
I cramme the name of rebell downe thy throat,
Thers not the poorest rascall of my campe,
But if he chance to méete thée in Cheapside
Upon thy kotcloath, he shal make thée light,
And hold his stirrop while he mount thy horse,
Then lackie him which way he please to goe,
Crosby ile make the Citizens be glad,
To send thée and the Aldermen thy brethren,
All manicled, and chainde like Gallie slaues,
To ransome them, and to redeeme the Citie.
M. Nay then proud rebel, pause and here me speak,
Thers not the poorest and meanest Citizen,
That is a faithfull subiect to the King,
But in despite of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to Bowe, a small wand in his hand
Although thou lie encamped at Mile-end Greene
And not the proudest rebell of you all,
Shal dare to touch him for his damned soule,
Come we wil pull vp our portculleises,
And let me see thée enter if thou dare.
Fal. Spoken like a man, and true Velvet iacket.
And we wil enter or strike by the way. Exeunt.
Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Iosseline.
M. Wheres master Recorder, and Ma. Iosseline.
Recor. Here my Lord Maior, wee nowe haue mande the walles

[illegible] fortified such places as were needefull,
Ma. Why it is well, brothers and Citizens,
Sticke to your Citie as good men should do,
Thinke that in Richards time euen such a rebell,
Was then by Walworth the L. Maior of London,
Stabd dead in Smithfield:
Then shew you selues as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundreth Walworths now,
Dare stabbe a rebell were he made of brasse,
And Prentises sticke to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now,
God and our King against an arrant rebel,
Brothers away, let vs defend our walles.
1, Pen. My Lord your words are able to infuse,
A double courage in a cowards brest,
Then feare not vs although our chinnes be bare,
Our hearts are good, the tryall shall be séene,
Against these rebels on this champion gréene.
2. Pren. We haue no trickes nor pollicies of warre,
But by the ancient custome of our Fathers,
Wéele soundly lay it on, takte off that will,
And London Prentises be rulde by me,
Die ere ye loose faire Londons libertie.
S. How now my flatcaps, are ye grown so braue?
Tis but your words when matters come to proofe,
Youle scudde as twere a companie of shéepe,
My counsaile therefore is to keepe your shops,
What lacke you, better will beséeme your mouths,
Then termes of warre, in sooth you are too yong:
1 Pren. Sirra go too, you shall not find it so,
Flatcaps thou calst vs, we scorne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swords,
Wéele make your cap so sit vnto your Crowne,
As sconce and cap and all kisse the ground.
2. Pr. You are those desperate idle swagering mates,
That haunt the suburbs in the time of peace.

And

And raise vp ale-house brawles in the stréete,
And when the rumor of the warre begins,
You hide your heads, and are not to be found:
Thou tearmest it better that we kéepe our shops,
It's good indéed we should haue such a care,
But yet for all our kéeping now and then,
Your Pelfring fingers breake into our lockes,
Untill at Tyborne you acquite the fault,
Go to, albeit by custome we are milde,
As those that doe professe ciuilitie,
Yet being mou'd, a nest of angrie hornets
Shall not be more offensiue then we will,
Wéele flie about your eares and sting your hearts,

Iosse. He tels you truth my friends, and so forth.

Fal. Who can endure to be so braue by boyes?

1. Pr. Nay scorne vs not that we are Prentises,
The Chronicles of England can report;
What memorable actions we haue done,
To which this daies atchieuement shall be knit,
To make the volume larger then it is,

Ma. Now of mine honor, ye doe cheare my heart,
Braue English offsprings, valiant resolude.

2. Pr. My Lord returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Maisters, giue vs leaue to worke.
And if we do not vanquish them in fight,
Let vs go supperlesse to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their crew.

Spi. Sm. Get thée vp on the top of S. Buttolphs steéple, and make a proclamation.

Smo. What a plague should I proclaime there?

Spi. That the bels be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be cride hauocke,
No more calling of lanthorne and candle light,
That maidenhead be valued at iust nothing:
And Sacke be sold by the Sallet.

That no pidling slaue stand to picke a locke, but slash mee off the hinges, as one would slit vp a Cowes paunch.

Spicing. Let no man haue lesse then a ware-house to his wardrope: crie a figge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, plucke out the clapper of Bow bell, and hang vp all the Sextons in the Cittie.

Smoke. Rantam Scantam, Rogues follow your leader, Cauelero Spicing the maddest slaue that ere pund spice in a morter.

Spi. Take me an Vsurer by the greasie pouch, and shake out his crownes, as a hungrie dog would shake a Haggas, Barre foule play Rogues, and liue by honest filching and stealing, he that hath a true finger, let him forfait his face to the fryingpan.

Follow your Leader Rogues follow your Leader.

Smoake. Assault, Assault, and crye a Falconbridge.

Iosseline on the walles cries to them.

Ios. Sirra Spicing, if Spicing bee thy name, we are here for matters and causes as it might seeme for the King, therefore it were good and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the picklocks, ye Rogues weele plaie the Mastiffe dogs amongst you: If I worrie not a thousand of you with my teeth, let me be hangde in a packthreed and so forth.

Ios. Fond fellow, iustice is to be vsed, I marie is it, and law in some sort as it were is to be followed, oh God forbid else, this our Magistrate hath power as might seeme, and soforth, for duty is to be obserued, and Officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weele talke more anone good M. and so forth.

Here is a verie fierie assault on all sides wherin the Prentises do great seruice.

Enter Falconbridge angrie with his men.

Fa. Why this it is to trust to these base Rogues,
This durtie scum of rascall pesantrie,

This

This hartleſſe rout of baſe raſcalitie,
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly Rogues;
You craue and curres, you ſlimy muddy clownes,
Whoſe courage but conſiſts in multitude,
Like ſhéep and neat that follow one another,
Which if one run away, all follow after:
This hedge-bred raſcal, this filthy frie of ditches,
A vengeance take you all, this t'is to lead you,
Now doe you crie and ſhrike at euery ſhocke,
A hot conſuming miſchiefe follow you.

Spi. Swounds ſcale rogues, ſcale, a Falconbridge, a Falconbridge.

Enter Lord Maior and his traine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then weél ſally out,
It neuer ſhal be ſaid when I was Maior,
The Londoners were ſhut vp in the Cittie,
Then crie King Edward and lets iſſue out.

Fal. Now if ye be true hearted Engliſhmen,
The gates ſet open and the portcullice vp:
Lets Pel Mel in, to ſtop their paſſage out,
He that firſt enters be poſſeſt of Cheape,
I giue him it frely, and the chiefeſt wench,

Spi. That he can finde, let that lie in the bargaine. Exeunt.

The Lord Maior and the Citizens hauing valiantly repulſed the Rebels from the Citie: Enters Falconbridge and Spicing and their traine wounded and diſmaied.

Spi. Yeareſt thou Generall, theres hote drinking at the mouth of Biſhopſgate, for our ſouldiers are all drouth; they lie like Raſcals with their brains beaten out, therefore ſince we are all like to feed hogs in Houndſditch, let vs retire our troupes and ſaue our maimed men, or if we iſſue further, we are put to the ſword euery mothers ſonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villaine in whoſe damned mouth,
Was neuer heard of anie word but wounds.

Whose recreant limbes are nocht with gaping scarres,
Thicker then any carking craft-mans scoze,
Whose verie shalpe is scracht and crasde and broken,
Like an old mazzer beaten on the stones,
And standest thou now to saue our maimed men?
A plague vpon thée coward.

Spi. Why how now base Thomas? Swounds, wert thou a base Mall, thou art but a rascall and a rebell as I am, hearest thou, if I do not turne true Subiect and leaue thée, let mee be wooried with dogs, Swounds dost thou impeach my manhood? Tom Neuill thou hadst as good to haue damnde thy selfe as vttered such a wozd, flatly I forsake thee, and all that loue Ned Spicing follow me.

Here the rest offer to follow,

Fal, Come, come, yée testie sole, thou séest me greeude,
Yet canst not beare with mine infirmitie
Thou knowes I hold thée foz as tall a man
As any liues oz breathes our English ayze,
I know there liues not a moze fierie spirit,
A moze resolued valiant, a plague vpon it,
Thou knowest I loue thée yet if a wozd escape
My lips in angez, how teastie then thou art?
I had rather all men left me then thy selfe,
Thou art my soule, thou art my Genius:
I cannot liue without thee not an howre,
Thus must I still be forc'd against my will, aside.
To soth this durtie slaue, this cowardly rascall.
Come, come, be friends, ye teastie firebrand,
We must retire there is no remedie,
Sp. Nay To. if thou wilt haue me mount on the wals
And cast my selfe downe headlong on their pikes,
I'le doeit, but to impeach my valour,
Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much,
I would haue spilt his heart, still be ware
My valour, such wozds go hardly downe,
Well, I am friends, thou thoughtest not as thou spakest.

Fal. No

Fal. No on my ſoule, thou thinkeſt not that I did,
Sound a retreat there I command ye ſtrait,
But whither ſhall we retire?

Spi. To Mileend Greene, thers no fitter place,

Fal. Then let vs backe retire to Mileend Greene,
And there expect freſh ſuccour from our friends,
With ſuch ſupplie as ſhall ere long aſſure
The Citie is our owne, march on, away. Exeunt,

Enter the Lord Maior with his traine and Prentiſes

Maior. Ye haue beſtird you like good Citizens,
And ſhewne your ſelues true ſubiects to your King,
You worthily prentiſes beſtird your ſelues,
That it did cheere my heart to ſée your valour,
The rebels are retirde to Mileend Greene,

R. Where ſo we may not ſuffer them to reſt.
But iſſue forth vpon them with freſh force.

Ioſſ. My L. Maior, diligence doth wel, and ſo forth,
Matters muſt be looked into as they ought, indéede
ſhould they, when thinges are well done, they are,
and ſo forth, for cauſes and things muſt indéede be
lookt into,

Ma. Wel ſir, we very well conceiue your meaning,
And you haue ſhewn your ſelfe a worthy gentleman:
Sée that our walls be kept with courts of guard,
And well defended againſt the enemie,
For we wil now withdraw vs to Guild hall,
To take aduiſe what further muſt be don. Exeunt.

Enter Maſter Shoare and Iane his wife.

Shore. Be not afraid (ſweet heart) the worſt is paſt,
God haue the praiſe, the victorie is ours,
We haue preuailde, the rebels are repulſde,
And euerie ſtréete of London ſoundeth ioy.
Canſt thou then (gentle Iane) be ſad alone?

Iane. I am not ſad now you are here with me,

My ioy, my hope, my comfort, and my loue,
My deere, deere husband, kindest Mathew Shoare:
But when these armes the circles of my soule,
Were in the fight so forward as I heard,
How could I chuse, sweet heart, but be afraid?
Sho. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils past?
Ia. I thinke vpon the horror of the time,
But tell me why you fought so desperately?
Sho. First to maintaine king Edwards royaltie,
Next to defend the Cities libertie,
But chiefely Iane to keepe thee from the foile,
Of him that to my face did vow thy spoile,
Had he preuaild, where then had bin our liues,
Dishonored our daughters, rauished our faire Wiues,
Pollest our goods, and set our seruants free,
Yet all this nothing to the losse of thee.
Ia. Of me sweet heart why how should I be lost?
Were I by thousand stormes of fortune tost?
And should endure the powrest wretched life,
Yet Iane wil be thy honest loyall wife,
The greatest Prince the sunne did euer see,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee:
Sh. I feare not faire meanes, but a rebels force,
Ia. These hands shall make this body a dead corse,
Ere force or flatterie shall mine honour staine,
Sh. True fame suruiues, when death the flesh hath slaine.

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God saue ye master Shore, and mistris by your leaue,
Sir my L. Maior sends for ye by me,
And prayes your spedie presence at Guild hall,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head againe,
And haue entrenched themselues vpon Mileend,
And presently our armed men must out,
You being Captaine of two companies
In honour of your valour and your skill,

Must

Must lead the vatward, God & right stand with yée.
Sh. Friend tell my Lord ile wait vpon him strait,
Ia. Friend tel my Lord he does my husband wrong
To set him formost in the danger still,
Ye shall not goe if I may haue my will,
S. Peace wife, no more, friend I will follow ye, Exit
Ia. I faith ye shall not, prethée do not goe.
Sh. Not go sweet heart: that were a cowards trick,
A traitors part to shrinke when others fight,
Ennie shall neuer say that Mathew Shoare
The Goldsmith staid, when other men went out,
To méete his kings and countries enemie,
No Iane, against all the rebels on Pileend,
I dare alone K. Edwards right defend.
Ia. If you be slaine what shall become of me?
Sh. Right well my wench, inowe wil marrie thée
I leaue thee worth at least fiue thousand pound.
Ia. Marrie again that word my heart doth wound,
Ile neuer marrie nor I will not liue. She weeps,
If thou be kild, let me go with thee Mat.
Sh. Tis idle talke good Iane, no more of that.
Go to my Lady Maioresse and the rest,
As you are still companion with the best,
With them be merrie, and pray for our good spéed,
Ia. To part from thee my verie heart doth bléed.
Exeunt.

Enter Faleonbridge with his troupes marchingas being at Mile-end.

Fa. Yet stand we in the sight of vpreard Troy,
And sucke the ayre the drawes: our verie breath
Flies from our nostrils warme vnto the walles,
We beard her bristling spires, her battled towres,
And proudly stand and gaze her in the face,
Loke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine,
My worth as great as any one of yours,

My

My fortunes, would I basely fawne on Edward,
To be as faire as any mans in England,
But he that kéepes your soueraigne in the Towre,
Hath seazde my land, and robd me of my right:
I am a Gentleman as well as hée,
What he hath got, he holds by tyrannie,
Now if you faint, or cowardly should flie,
There is no hope for any one to liue,
We heare the Londoners will leaue the Citie,
And bid vs battaile here on Mileend Gréene,
Whom if we vanquish, then we take the towne.
And ride in triumph thorow Cheape to Paules,
The Pint is ours, Cheap, Lumbard stréet our owne
The meanest souldier wealthier then a King,
Sp, March faire ye rogues, al Kings or capknitters:
dost thou heare Tom Falconbridge? I prée thee grant me one boone I shal aske thée.

Fal. What is it Ned? its hard I should denie thée.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the Citie, as we cannot chuse but winne it, that I may haue the knighting of all these rogues and rascalles,

Fal. What then?

Spi. What then? Zounds I scorne your scruie wry mouthed, what then? now a pore take me if I fight a blow.

Fal. Why this is fine, go to, Knight whom thou wilt:

Spi. Who, I knight any of them? Ile see them hangde first for a companie of tattred ragged rascalles, If I were a King I would not knight one of them?

Chub. What not me Caualero Chub?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet ile see thee hangd ere ile honour thee so much: I care not so much for the matter, but I would not be denide my humour.

Fal. Why what a peruerse fellow art thou Ned?

Spi. Ho my fine Tom, my braue Falconbridge, my mad Greeke, my lustie Neuill, thou art a King, a Cesar, a plague on thee, I loue thée not, and yet ile die with thée,

Enter

Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Iosseline, Shoare, and their souldiers marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalt it selfe,
Pruning the feathers of sicke discipline.

Recor. They thinke they can out looke our truer lookes,

Sho. Marke but the stomacfull eye of Falconbridge.

Ma. I rather thinke tis feare vpon his cheeke,
Decyphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Ios. Our comming forth hath, well, I say no more,
But shall we take occasion, and so forth
Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath bin, but all is one for that.

Spi. How like a troupe of ranke ore-ridden iades,
Yon bushie bearded Cittizens appeare?

Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the Mone,
And euerie one a furzen bush in his mouth.

All. The foure and twentie wards now faire befall them,
Would anie one haue thought before this houre,
There had bene such increase of muddie slaues?

Spi. Peace souldiers, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, nor fauor them,
Such haughtie stomakes seldome haue bin seene,
Imbodied in the brests of Cittizens.
How sternly in their owne peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingring King,
Did they of late repulse vs from their wals?
And now againe how expeditiously,
And vnexpected they haue met vs here?
Were we more deadly incensed then we are,
I would not but commend their chiualrie.

Smo. Captaine shal we goe challenge them to fight?
S bloud we burne daylight, theile thinke anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Ch. Tell them they come in stead of pudding pies?
And Stratford cakes to makes a banquet here,

Fal. Soft giue meleaue, I wil deuise with words,

To weaken and abash their fortitude,
Re. The bastard offers to come forth my Lord,
Ma. I am the man intend to answer him.
Fa. Crosbie.
Ma. Traitor.
all Traitour: zounds downe with him.
Fa. Be patient, give me leave I say to speake,
I doubt not but the traytors name shall rest
With those that keeps their lawfull K. in bonds:
Yeane time ye men of London once againe,
Behold my warlike coulours are displaide,
Which I have vowd shal neuer be wrapt vp,
Untill your loftie buildings kisse our feet,
Unles you grant me passage through your streets.
Re. Passage, saist thou: that must be ore our breasts
If any passage thou art like to have.
Fa. Why then vpon your bodies will I tread,
And wade through standing poles of your lost blood
Sh. We know thy threats, and reckon them as wind,
Not of sufficient powre to shake a rede.
Spi. But wee shooke your gates not long agoe,
And made your walles to shake like with bogges.
Chub. I, and so terrified yee, that not one of ye durst come to fetch a pinte of sacke at the mouth at Bishopsgate, no not for your liues.
Iof. I but you know what followed, and so forth.
Spi. Et cetera: are you there: me thinkes the sight of the dun Bull, the Neuels honored crest, should make you leaue your broken sentences, and quite forget euer to speake at all.
Sho. Nay then looke thou vpon our Citties armes,
wherein is a bloudie dagger, that is it,
Wherewith a rebell like to Falconbridge,
Had his desert, meet for his trecherie,
Can you behold that, and not quake for feare?
Re. Since when, it is successiuely decreed,

Traitors

Traitors with vs shal neuer better speede.
Spi. Captaine and fellow soldiers talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in down right blowes.
Falcon. Sound then alarum.
Maior. Do the like for vs, and where the right is,
there attend successe.
Ios. Stay and be better aduisde, thy countrimen,
What is this Falconbridge you follow so?
I could instruct you, but you know my mind.
And Falconbridge what are these rusticals,
Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,
Shal I informe thee no, thou art wise inough,
Edward of Yorke delaies the time you say,
Therefore he will not come, imagine so,
The Cittie weake, hold that opinion still,
And your pretence King Henries libertie.
True, but as how? shal I declare your no.
What then? youle fight, a gods name take your choise
I can no more but giue you mine aduise.
Fal. Away with this parentheses of words,
Crosbie Courage thy men, and on this greene,
Whose cause is right, let it be quickly seene.
Maior. I am as readie as thou canst desire,
On then a Gods name.

They fight, the rebels driue them back: then
Enter Falconbridge and Spicing

Fal. This was wel fought, now Spicing list to me.
The Cittizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,
And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band
Of Essex souldiers, and with all the speede
Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thy selfe,
And get betwéen the Cittie gates and them.
Spi. My braue Tom Neuill, gallant Falconbridge,
Ayme at thy intended pollicie,

This is thy meaning, while thou art impleide,
And holdst them battaile here on Mileend Greene,
I must prouide as harbenger before,
There be not onely cleere and open passage,
But the best Marchants houses to receiue
Us and our retinew, I am proud of that,
And will not sleep vpon thy iust command.
Fal. Awaie then I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior and Master Shoare.

Ma. We haue recouered what before we lost,
And heauen stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the fight euen now,
That part of this rebellious crew is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes they compasse it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs,
And therefore Cosin Shoare, as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyaltie,
Draw forth three hundred bowmen, and some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.
Sho. I haue your meaning, and effect my Lord,
I trust shall disappoint them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing vvith a drum and certaine Souldiers.

Spi. Come on my harts, we will be kings to night,
Carouse in Gold, and sleepe with marchants wiues,
While their poore husbands lose their liues abroad,
We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hinderance in the waie,
But we may take possession of the towne,
Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader and be resolute.

As he marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his souldiours issue forth and repulse him, after excursions, vvherein the rebels are dispersst. Enter Maior, Rec. Sho. Ios. and a Messlenger talking vvith the Maior.

Ma. I my good friend, so certifie his grace,
The Rebels are dispersed all and fled,
And now his Highnes mértes with victorie. Exit. Mess.
Marshall your selues, and kéepe in good aray:
To adde more glory to this victorie:
The King in person commeth to this place,
How great an honour haue you gaind to day?
And how much is this Cittie famde for euer,
That twise without the helpe, either of King,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue preuailde against our countries foes?
Thankes to his maiestie assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true subiects in their néed.

The Trumpets sound, then enters King Edvvard, L. Hovv. Sellenger and the traine.

King. Where is my Lord Maior?
Ma. Here dread Soueraigne.
I hold no Lordship nor no dignitie,
In presence of my gracious Lord the King,
But all I humble at your highnes fete,
With the most happie conquest of proud rebels,
Dispersst and fled, that now remaines no doubt,
Of euer making head to vexe vs more.
King. You haue not tane the bastard Falconbridge:
Or is he slaine?
Ma. Neither my gracious Lord.
Although we labourd to our vttermost,
Yet all our care came ouer short,
For apprehending him or Spying either
But some are taken, others on proffered grace

holden themselues and at your mercie stand.

K. Thanks good L. Maior, you may condemne vs
Of too much slacknesse in such vrgent need:
But we assure you on our royall word,
So soone as we had gathered vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all haste we could,
What order haue ye tane for Falconbridge,
And his confederates in this rebellion?

Ma. Under your leaue my Liedge, we haue pro-
Who bringeth Falconbridge aliue or dead, (claimd
Shall be requited with a thousand marks,
As much for Spicing, others of lesse worth
At easier rates are set.

K. Well haue ye done,
And we will see it paide from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this and come to you,
That haue so well deserude in these affaires,
Affaires, I meane of so maine consequence.
Kneele downe and all of you receiue in field,
The honor you haue merited in field.

There he draws his sword and knights them.

Arise Sir Iohn Crosbie, L. Maior of London and Knight.
Arise Sir Ralph Iosseline Knight.
Arise Sir Thomas Vrswicke our Recorder of London, and Knight.
Now tell me which is M. Shoare.

Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbrdige,

King. Shoare kneele thou downe.
What call yee elce his name?

Recor. His name is Mathew Shoare my Lord.

K. Shoare Why kneelest thou not, and at thy Soueraignes
hand receiue thy right?

Shoare. Pardon me gratious Lord,
I do not stand contemptious or despising,
Such royall fauour of my Soueraigne,

But

But to acknowledge mine vnworthines:
Farre be it from the thought of Mathew Shoare,
That he should be aduanc'de with Aldermen,
With our L. Maior, & our right graue Recorder.
If anie thing hath bin performde by me,
That maie deserue your Highnes meanest respect,
I haue enough, and I desire no more,
Then let me craue that I may haue no more,

King. Wel, be it as thou wilt, some other way
We will deuise to quittance thy deserts,
And not to faile therein vpon my word.
Now let me tell ye all my friends at once,
Your King is maried since you saw him last,
And haste to helpe you in this needfull time,
Made me on sudden to forsake my bride.
But seeing all things are fallen out so well,
And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate you would goe bete your selues,
And bring your King a little on his waie.
How say you my Lord, shall it be so?

Ma. Now God forbid but that my Lord the King
Should alwaies haue his subiects at command.

Iof. Forbid quoth-a? I in good sadnes, your maiestie shall finde vs alwaies readie, and so forth.

King. Why then set forward Gentlemen
And come L. Maior, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing with their weapons in their hands

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawn at sea,
Fild euery heart with terror of thy name?
Art thou that Neuill whom we tooke thée for?
Thou art a lowse, thou bastard Falconbridge;
Thou baser then a bastard, in whose birth
The very dregs of seruitude appeares,
Why tel me, liuer of some rotten sheepe,

After

After by thy allurements we are brought,
To vndertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden mountaines to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst giue?
Hast thou ensnarde our heedlesse feet with death,
And brought vs to the Iebbet of defame,
And now dost bid vs shift and saue our selues?
No cranen were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stirre my feet vntill this hand
Had venged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Oppriobrious villaine, stable excrement
That neuer dreamst of other manhood yet,
But how to ierke a horse, vntill my words
Infusde into thee resolutions fire.
Controlst thou me for that wherein thy selfe,
Art onely the occasion of mishap?
Hadst thou and they stood to it as well as I,
The day had been our own, and London now,
That laughs in triumph, should haue wept in tears,
But being backt by such faint hearted slaues
No maruaile if the Lyon go to wracke,
As though it were not incident to Kings.
Sometime to take repulse, mine is no more:
Nor is not for that muddy braine of thine
To tutor me how to digest my losse,
Then fly with those that are alreadie fled,
Or stay behind, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Oh prejudice to Spicings conquering name,
Whose valor euen the backs this sword has made
Upon the flint, and yron barres at Algate:
Like mouths will publish whiles the Citty stands
That I shrunke backe? that I was neuer séene
To shew my manly soléne, but with a whip?
I tell thee Falconbridge the least of these,
Do challenge blood before they be appeasde,

Fal. Away ye scoundrell, tempt not my resolue,

The courage that ſurmounts in Falconbridge,
Scornes the incounter of ſo baſe a drudge.

Spi. By the pure temper of this ſword of mine,
By this true fleſh and blood that gripes the ſame,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Againſt thoſe froſtie bearded Citizens,
It ſhall be tride before we do depart,
Whether accuſeth other wrongfully,
Or which of vs two is the better man.

Fal. I ſhall but quit the hangman of a labour,
Yet rather then to be vpbraided thus,
The eagle once will ſtoope to feed on carrion,

They fight, Enter Chub.

Ch. Hold if ye be men, if not, hold as ye are: rebls & ſtrong theeues: I bring ye newes of a proclamation, the King hath promiſed that whoſoeuer can bring the head of Falconbridge or Spicing, ſhal haue for his labour a thouſand crownes, what meane you then to ſwagger? ſaue your ſelues.

Spi. This proclamation comes in happie time,
Ile vanquiſh Falconbridge, and with this ſword
Cut off his head and beare it to the King.
So not alone ſhall I be pardoned,
But haue the thouſand crownes is promiſed.

Fal. This raſcal was ordainde to ſaue my life,
For now when I haue ouerthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head ile yeeld me to the King,
His princely word is paſt to pardon me,
And though I were the chiefe in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.

Ch. Oh that I knew how to betray them both.

Fal. How ſaiſt thou Spi. wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe?
For I haue vowde either alriue or dead
To bring thee to King Edward?

Spi. And I haue vowde the like by thee.
How will theſe two baſe contraries agree?

Chub. And I the ſame by both of you.

Fal. Come sir, ile quickly rid you of that care.
Spi. And what thou lotteſt me shall be thy share.
Chub. Here comes a Miller helpe to part the fray,
These are the rebels Falconbridge and Spicing,
The worſt of them is worth a thousand crownes.
Mill. Marrie and such a bootie should I haue,
Submit, submit, it is in vaine to strive, Exit Fal.
Spi. Why what art thou?
Mill. One that will hammer you,
But whats the other that is fled away?
Chub. Oh Miller, that was Falconbridge,
And this is Spicing his companion.
Spi. I tell thee Miller thou hast bene the meanes,
To hinder the most charitable deed,
What euer honest Christian vndertooke.
Chub. Thou canst beare me witnesse I had tane
That most notorious rebell but for him.
M. But I haue taken thee, and the world knowes,
That Spicing is as bad as who is best.
Spi. Why thou mistakst, I am a true subiect.
Chub. Miller he lies, be sure to hold him fast.
Spi. Dost thou accuse me? apprehend him too,
For hees as guiltie as anie of vs.
Mill. Come you shall both together answere it,
Before my Lord Maior, and here he comes,
Enter Lord Maior, Iosseline, and other attendants
Ma. Sir Ralph Iossel, haue you euer seen a Prince more affable then Edward is? what merry talke he had vpon the way.
Io. Doubtlesse my Lord heele proue a royall King.
But how now what are these?
Mill. God saue your honour,
Here I present vnto my Lord Maior,
A paire of rebels whom I did espie
As I was busie grinding at my mill,
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beset some true man from his house,

I came to kéepe the peace, but afterward,
Found that it was the bastard Falconbridge,
And this his mate together by the eares,
The one, for all that I could do, escapte,
The other standeth at your mercie here.

Ma. It is the rebell Spicing.

Spi. It is indéede:
I sée you are not blinde, you know me then.

Ma. Wel miller, thou hast done a subiects part,
And worthily deserust that recompence
Is publikely proclaimed by the King,
But whats this other? I haue séene his face,
And as I take it, he is one of them.

Mill. I must confesse, I tooke them both together,
He aided me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. I tels you true my Lord, I am Chub the Chandler, and I curse the time that euer I saw their faces, for if they had not beene, I had liude an honest Man in mine own countrie, and neuer come to this,

Spi. But rogue dost thou recant for feare of death?
I Maior, I am he that sought to cut your throate,
And since I haue miscaried in the fact,
Ile néere denie it doe the worst you can.

Ma. Bring him away, he shall haue martiall law,
and at the next trée we do come vnto,
Be hangde to rid the world of such a wretch.
Miller thy dutie is a thousand markes,
which must be sharde betwixt thee and this poore fellow, that did reueale him. And sirra, your life is saued on this condition, that you hang vp Spicing, how saist thou, wilt thou do it?

Chub. Wil I do it? what a question is that?
I would hang him if he were my father, to saue mine owne life

Ma. Then when yé haue done it, come home to my house, and there ye truly shall haue your reward.

Spi. Well sirra then thou must be my hangman?

Chub. I by my troth sir for fault of a better,

Spi. Well commend me to little Pim, and pray her to redeeme my paund hose, they lie at the blew Boze for eleuen pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other od penie, tell her she is a damned bawde, and there is no truth in her score.

Chub. Take no thought sir for your paund hose, they are lowsie and not worth the redeeming.

Spi. There is a Constable stickes in my minde, hee got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed black Ralph, if I had liude, I would haue been meet with him.

Chub. I sir, but heres a thing shall take an order for that

Spi. Commend me to blacke Luce, bouncing Besse, flusty Kate, and the other prettie morsels of mans flesh. Farewell Pinke and Pinnesse, Flibote, and Carucll, Turnbull, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine Spicing, thy vaine inticing,
brought me from my trade,
From good candles making, to this paines taking,
a rebell to be made,
Therefore Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,
By one of thy fellows, to be led to the Gallows,
to end in a rope. Exeunt.

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, lok well to Brocke my mare, driue Dunne and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heede the thornes teare not the hornes of my Cowe hides, as thou goest neere the hedges: ha what sayst thou knaue? is the Bulles hide downe? why lay it vp againe, what care I? Ile meete thee at the stile, and helpe to set all straight. And yet God helpe, its a crooked world, and an vnthristie, for some that haue nere a shoe, had rather go barefoote, then buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time inough to mend all, they sit so long betweene the cup and the wall, well God amend them, God amende them. Let me see by my executor here, my leather pouch, what

what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained, what I haue lost, & what I haue laid out: my taking is more then my spending, for heres store left. I haue spent but a groat, a penie for my two iades, a penie to the poore, a peny pot of ale, and a penie cake for my man and mee, a dicker of Cowhides cost mee.

Here enter the Queen & Duchesse with their riding rods, vnpinning their masks, Hobs goes forward.

Snailes who comes here? mistris Ferries, or mistris what call ye her? Put vp Iohn Hobs, money tempts beauty.

Du. Well met good fellow, sawst thou not the hart?

Ho. Thy heart? God blesse me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the deere man, we demaund the deere.

Hobs. Do you demaund whats deere? marry come and cow-hides, Masse a good snug lasse, well like my daughter Nell, I had rather then a bend of leather thee and I might snutch together.

Dutchesse. Camst thou not downe the wood?

Hobs. Yes mistris that I did.

Dutch. And sawst thou not the deere imbost?

Hobs. By my hood ye make me laugh, what the dickens is it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly, by my fathers soule I would I had iobd faces with you.

Huntſ. Why how now Hobs, so sawcie with the Dutchesse and the Quéene?

Hobs. Much Quéene I trow, these be but women, and one of them is like my wench, I would she had her rags, I would giue a load of haire and hornes, and a fat of leather, to match her to some iustice, by the meg hollie.

2 Huntſ. Be silent Tanner, and aske pardon of the Quéen.

Hobs. And ye be the Quéen, I crye ye mercy good mistris Quéene.

Queen. No fault my friend, Madam lets take our bowes, And in the standing seeke to get a shote.

Dutch. Come bende our bowes, and bring the herd of deere. Exeunt.

Hobs. God send ye good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh, see if all Gentlewomen be not alike when their blacke faces be on, I toke the Queene, as I am true Tanner, for mistris Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, Who comes here, more knaues yet?

Sel. No good fellow, sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. No good fellow, I saw no King, which King doost thou aske for.

How. Why King Edvvard what King is there else.

Hobs. Theres another King and yee could hit on him, one Harrie, one Harrie, and by our Lady they say heres the honester man of the two.

Sel. Sirra beware you speake not treason.

Hob. What if I do??

Sell. Then thoult be hangde.

Hob. A dogs death, ile not meddle with it. for by my troth I know not when I speake treason, when I doe not, theres such halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot goe vpright but he shall offend tone of them, I would God had them both for me.

How. Well, thou sawst not the King?

Hob. No, is he in the countrie?

How. Hees hunting heere at Drayton Basset.

Hob. The deuill he is, God blesse his Maiestyship: I saw a woman here that they said was the Queen, shees as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I see

Sell. Farewell fellow, speake well of the King, Exeunt.

Hob. God make him an honest man, I hope thats well spoken, for byth mouse tot, some giue him hard words, whether he serues vm or not, let him lok to that, ile meddle of my cow hide, and let the world slide.

Enter the King disguised.

The diuell in a dung cart, how these roysters swarme in the countrie now the King is so neere? God liuer me from this, for this looues like a theefe, but a man cannot tell amongst

these

these Courtnols whose true.

K. Ed. Holla my friend, good fellow prethée stay.

Hob. No such matter, I haue more haste of my way.

K. Ed If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hob. My purse thou meanest, I am no good fellow, and I pray God thou beest not one.

K. Ed. Why? dost thou not loue a good fellow?

Hobs. No, good fellows be theeues.

K. Ed. Dost thou thinke I am one?

Hob. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father.

K. Ed. I meane thee no harme.

Hob. Who knoweth that but thy selfe? I pray God he spie not my purse.

K. Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hob. Upon thy othile stay: now, what saist thou to mee? Speak quickly, for my companie staies for me beneath at the nert stile.

K. Ed. The King is hunting hereabouts, didst thou see his Maiestie?

Hob. His Maiestie, whats that? his horse or his mare?

K. Ed. Tush, I meane his Grace.

Hob. Grace quoth a? pray God he haue any: which King dost thou quire for.

K. Ed. Why for King Edvvard, knowest thou anie more Kings then one?

Hob. I know not so many, for I tel thée I know none, marrie I heare of King Edvvard.

K. Ed. Didst thou see his Highnesse?

Hob. By my hollidame, thats the best tearme thou gauest him yet, hees high inough, but he has put poore King Harrie low inough.

K. Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hob. Nay I cannot tel, but he has put him down, for he has got the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K. Ed. Amē, I like thy talk so wel, I would I knew thy name

Hob. Dost thou not know me?

K. Ed.

K.Ed. No.

Hobs. Then thou knowest no bodie: didst neuer heare of Iohn Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

K.Ed. Not till now I promise thee, but now I like thee wel.

Hobs. So do not I, thee, I feare thou art some out-rider that liues by taking of purses here on Bas. heath, but I feare thee not, for I haue ware all my money in Cowhides, at Coleshill market, and my man & my mare are hard by at the hill foote.

K.Ed. Is that thy grey mare thats tide at the stile with the hides on her backe?

Hobs. Thats Brocke my mare, and theres Dunne my nag, and Dudgeon my man.

K.Ed. Ehers neither man nor horse, but onely one mare.

Hob. Gods blew budkin, hast thee knaue fetch me forfare wel I may loose hides, horns, and mare & all, by prating with thee.

K.Ed. Tarry man, tarry, theile soner take my gelding then thy grey mare, for I haue tide mine by her.

Hob. That will I see afore Ile take your word.

K.Ed. Ile beare thee companie.

Hob. I had as liefe goe alone: Exeunt.

Enter the two Huntsmen againe with the bowes.

1 Hunts. Now on my troth the Quéene shots passing wel.

2 Hunts. So did the Dutches when she was as young.

1 Hunts. Age shakes the hand, and shots both wide & short:

2 Hunts. What haue they giuen vs?

1 Hunts. Sixe rose nobles iust:

2 Hunts. The Quéene gaue foure.

1 Hunts. True and the Dutchesse twaine.

2 Hunts. O were we euer so paide for our paine.

1 Hunts. Tut, had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue raind vpon vs showres of gold.

2 Hunts. Why hee is hunting somewhere here about, lets first go drinke, and then go seeke him out. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K.Ed. Holo saist thou Tanner, wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs.

Ho: Courser call'st thou him? so ill mought I fare, thy skittish iade will neuer abide, to carry my lether, my hoznes noz hide. But if I were so mad to seoze, what bote would'st thou giue mee?

K. Ed. Nay bote, thats bote worthie, I lok for bot of thée.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merrie Jigge, why man, Brocke my mare knowes ha and ree, and will stand when I crie ho, and let me get vp and downe, and make water when I doe.

K. Ed Ile giue thee a noble if I like her pace, lay thy Cow-hides in my saddle, and lets iog towards Drayton.

Hob. 'Tis out of my way, but I begin to like thee well.

Ed. Thou wilt like me better before we doe part,
I pray thee tell me what say they of the King?

Hob. Of the kings thou mean'st, art thou no blab if I tel thée

Ed. If the King know't not now, he shall neuer know it for mee.

Hob. Maste they say King Harrie's a very aduowtry man.

King. A deuout man, and whats King Edward?

Hob. Hees a franke franion, a merrie companion, & loues a wench wel, they say he has married a poze widow because shées faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hob. No by my feckens, but the better, for though I be a plaine Tanner, I loue a faire lasse my selfe.

King. Prée thee tell mée, how loue they King Edward?

Hob. Faith as poze folks loue hollidaies, glad to haue them now and then, but to haue them come too often, will vndo them, so to sée the King now and then ti's comfort, but euerie daie would begger vs, and I may to thee, we feare we shalbe troobled to lend him no money, for we doubt hees but néedy.

King. Would'st thou lend him no moneie if he should néed?

Hob. By my hollidome yes, he shall haue halfe my store, and ile sell sole leather to helpe him to more.

King. Faith whether louest thou better Harie or Edward,

Hob. Nay, thats counsel, & two may kéep it, if one be away

K. Shal I say my cõscience? I think Hary is the true king.

Hob. Art aduiſde of that? Harrie's of the olde houſe of Lancaſter, and that progenitie do I loue.

K. And thou doſt not hate the houſe of Yorke?

H. Why no, for I am iuſt a kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grind which way ſo ere the wind blow, if it bee Harrie I can ſay welfare Lancaſter, if it be Edward I can ſing, Yorke, Yorke for my money.

King. Thou art of my minde, but I ſay Harrie is the lawfull King, Edward is but an vſurper, and a fole and a coward.

H. Nay there thou lyeſt, he has wit inough, and courage inough, doſt thou not ſpeake treaſon?

King. I, but I know to whom I ſpeake it.

Hob. Dooſt thou? well if I were Conſtable, I ſhoulde bee forſworne if I ſet thee not in the ſtocks for it.

King. Well let it go no further, for I did ſerue King Harrie and I loue him beſt, though now I ſerue King Edward.

Hob. Thou art the arranter knaue to ſpeake ill of thy maiſter, but ſirra whats thy name, what office haſt thou? and what will the King do for thee?

King. My name is Ned, I am the Kings butler, and he will do more for me then, for any Nobleman in the Court.

Hob. The diuel he wil, hees the more fole, and ſo ile tell him, if ere I ſee him, & I would I might ſee him in my poore houſe at Tamworth.

K. Go with me to the Court and ile bring thee to the King, & what ſute ſoeuer thou haue to him, ile warrant thee to ſpeede.

H. I ha nothing to do at Court, ile home with my cowhides and if the King will come to me he ſhal be welcome.

K. Haſt thou no ſuite touching thy trade, to tranſport hides or ſell leather onely in a certaine circuite, or about Barke, or ſuch like to haue letters pattens?

H. By the maſſe and the mattens I like not thoſe Pattents, ſirra they that haue them, doe as the Prieſts did in old time, buy and ſell the ſinnes of the people, ſo they make the King beleeue they mend whats amiſſe, and for money they

make

make the thing worse then it is, theres another thing in to, the more is the pitie?

K. What pittie Iohn Hobs? I pre thee say all.

Hobs. Faith it's pittie that one subiect should haue in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

K. Saiest thou me so Tanner? well lets cast lots whether thou shalt goe with me to Drayton, or I goe home with thee to Tamworth.

H. Lot me no lotting, ile not goe with thee, if thou wilt goe with mee, cause thart my Leiges man (and yet I thinke hee has many honester) thou shalt bee welcome to Iohn hobs, thou shalt be welcome to biefe and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding, and my daughter Nell shall pop a possell vpon thee when thou goest to bed.

K. Heres my hand, ile but goe & see the King serv'de, and ile be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Dost thou heare me Ned? if I shall be thy host, Pake haste thou art best, for feare thou kille the Post.

Exit Hobs.

K. Farewel Iohn hobs, the honest true Tanner
I see plaine men by obseruation,
Of things that alter in the change of times,
Do gather knowledge, and the meanest life,
Proportioned with content sufficiencie,
Is merier then the mightie state of Kings.
How now what newes bring ye sirs? } Enters How. and Sellinger.
Wheres the Queene?

Sel. Her Highnesse and your mother my dread Lord,
Are both inuited by sir Humphrey Bowes,
Where they entend to feast and lodge this night,
And doe erpect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellinger I haue other businesse;
Attrap from you and all my other traine,
I met a Tanner such a merrie mate,
So frolicke, and so full of good conceit,
That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,

Because he knowes me not to be the King:
God Cosen Howard grudge not at the iest,
But greete my mother and my wife from mee,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humor,
Let them both sup and sleepe when they see time,
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakefast I will visite him.
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast
With Hobs the Tanner, there plaine Ned & Tom.
No King nor Sellinger for a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted, with letters, and kneeling giues them to the King.

How. The Queen & Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnesse comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceit,
But whats the end, the King will haue his pleasure?

King. God newes my hopes, Harrie the first is dead, peruse that letter: sirra, drinke you that, giues his purse, and stay not but poste backe againe for life, and thanke my brother Gloster for his newes, commend mee to him, ile see him to morrow night. How like ye it sirs? Exit Messenger.

Sel. O passing well my Liege, you may be merrie for these happie newes.

King. The merriest with our host the Tanner Tom,
My Lord take you that letter to the Ladies,
Bidde them be merrie with the second course,
And if we see them not before we goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs,
Wele post to London, so good night my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come Nell, come daughter, is your hands and your face washed?

Nell. I forsooth Father.

Hob. Yee must bee cleanely I tell yee, for there comes a Courtnole hither to night, the Kings Master Butlers Butler, Ned, a spruce youth, but beware ye be not in loue nor ouer-

taken

taken by him, for Courtiers be slipperie lads.

Nell. No forsoth father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yéeres schooling at Liechfield, was better to thee then house and land, it has put such manners into thee, I forsoth and no forsoth at every word, ye haue a cleane smocke on, I like your apparrel well, is supper readie?

Nell. I forsoth father.

Hobs. Haue we a good barley backpudding, a péece of fat Bacon, a good cow hæle, a hard cheese, and a browne loafe.

Nell. All this forsoth, and more ye shall haue a posset, but indéed the rats haue spoyled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now the diuell choake them, so they haue eate mee a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within, What maister maister,

Hobs. How now knaue, what sayst thou Dudgeon?

Dud. Heres guests come, where's Hellen?

Hobs. What guests be they?

Dud. A courtnole, one Ned the Kings Butcher he saies, and his friends tw.

Hobs. Ned the Kings butcher? ha, ha, the Kings butler, take their horses, and walke them, and bid them come neare house, Nell lay the cloth, and clap supper oth bord. Exit Nell.

Enter King Edvvard and Sellenger.

Was here Ned indeede and another misprood Ruffian,

Welcome Ned, I like thy honestie, thou keepest promise,

K. Ed. I faith honest Tanner, ile euer keep promise with thee: prae thée bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamwoorth: friend I know not your name.

Sell. My name is Tom Tvvist?

Hobs. Beléeue yee that list: but ye are welcome both, and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sell. Whats that?

Hobs. Nay that I keepe to my selfe, for I sigh to see and thinke, that pride brings many one to ctruction.

King. Wyll thee tell vs thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth I doubt yee nere came truly by all these gay tagges. Tis not your bare wages and thinne fees ye haue of the King, can kéepe ye thus fine, but either ye must rob the King priuily, or his subiects openly, to maintaine your prodicalitie.

Sel. Thinkest thou so Tanner?

Hobs. Tis no matter what I thinke, come lets go to supper, What Nell, what Dudgeon, where be these folkes?

Enter Nell, and Dudgeon, with a table couered.

Daughter bid my friends welcom.

Nell. Ye are welcome Gentlemen as I may say.

Sell. I thanke ye faire maide. kisse her both,

King. A prettie wench by my fay.

Hobs. How likest her Ned?

King. I like her so well, I would ye would make mee your sonne in law.

Hobs And I like thée so well Ned, that hadst thou an occupation, for seruice is no heritage, a young courtier, an olde begger, I could finde in my heart to cast her away vpon thee, and if thou wilt forsake the Court and turne Tanner, or bind thy selfe to a shoomaker in Liechfield, ile giue thee twentie nobles readie money, with my Nell, and trust thee with a dicker of leather, to set vp thy trade.

Sel. Ned he offers ye faire, if ye haue the grace to take it.

King. He does indéed, Tom, and hereafter ile tell him more.

Hob. Come sit downe to supper: go to Nell, no more sharpe eies, ye may be caught I tell ye, these be licorish lads.

Nell. I warrant ye father, yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serue, but Neds a pearle in mine eye.

Hob. Daugter, call Dudgeon and his fellowes, weele haue a thrée men song, to make our guests merrie, Exit Nell,

Nailes what courtnoles are yée? yeels neither talke nor eate, What newes at the court? do somewhat for your meate.

King. Heauie newes there, King Henry is dead.

H. Thats light newes: merie for your master King Edward.

King.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hob. Well, God be with good King Henry, saith the commons will take it as a common thing, death an honest man, for hee spares not the King: for as one comes, an others tane away, and seldome comes the better, thats all we say.

Sellin. Shrewdly spoken Tanner by my faye.

Hob. Come fill me a cup of mother Whetstones Ale, I may drinke to my friendes, and drive downe my tale.

Here Ned and Tom I drinke to yee: and yet if I come to the Court, I doubt poule not know me.

Kin. Yes, Tom shal be thy sureetie Tanner I will know thee.

Sel. If thou dost not Ned, by my troth I beshrew thee.

King. I drinke to my wife that may be.

Sel. Faith Ned thou maist line to make her a Ladie.

King. Tush her father offers nothing, having no more children but her.

Hob. I would I had not, condition she had all. But I have a knave to my son, I remember him by you, euen such an vnthrift as one of you two that spends all on gay cloathes and new fashions, and no worke will downe with him, that I feare hele bee hangd, God blesse you from a better fortune, yet you weare such filthie breeks, Lord, were not this a good fashion? I and would saue many a faire pennie.

King. Let that passe and let vs heare your song.

Hob. Agreed, agreed, come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa, say Dudgeon

Here they sing the threemans Song

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,
Where the English slew and hurt,
all the French foemen:
With our Gunnes and billes browne,
O the French were beaten downe,
Morrys pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sel. Well sung good fellowes, I would the King heard yee.

Hob. So should I faith, I should straine a noate for him: Come take away, and lets to bed, yee shall haue cleane shee-

sheets Ned, but they be course, good strong hempe, of my daughters own spinning, and I tell thee, your Chamber pot, must be a faire horne, a badge of our occupation, for we by no bending peauter, nor bending earth.

King. No matter Hobs, we will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then.

King. Even what thou wilt, for it is neere day.
Tanner, Gramercies for our heartie cheere,
If ere it be thy chance to come to court,
Enquire for me Ned the Kings butler,
Or Tom of the Kings chamber my companion,
And see what welcome we will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of courtiers haue said as much as you, and when they haue been tryde, would not bid their friendes drinke.

Sel. We are none such, let our horses be brought out,
For we must away and so with thanks farewell.

Hob Farewel gee both, commend me to the king, I tell him I would haue been glad to haue seen his worship here. Exit.

King. Come Tom for London, horse, and hence awaie,

Enter Vice admirall and the Captaine of the Ile of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the headsman bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuil, yet hast thou gracious time
Of deer repentance, now discharge thy cõscience,
Lay open thine offences to the World,
That we may witnesse thou dost die a Christian.

Fal. Why sir Harrie Moorton haue you arraigned
Condemnde, and brought me to this place,
Of bloudie execution and now aske,
If I be guiltie therein doth appeare,
What iustice you haue vsed, call you this lawe?

Ca. Thou dost mistake our meaning Falconbridge
We do not aske as being ignorant.
Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee,

To heartie sorrow for thy vile misdeeds,
That heauen may take compassion on thy soule.
Fal. How charitable you would seeme to be?
I feare anon youle say it is for loue,
You bind me thus and lead me to the blocke,
And that of meere affection you are moude
To cut my head off, cunning pollicie
Such butchers as your selues neuer want,
A colour to excuse your slaughterous mind.
Mor. We butcher thee? and thou denie thy selfe,
But thou hast been a pyrate on the sea?
Canst thou denie but with the communaltie
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in arms,
And twise assault the Cittie London, where
Thou twise didst take repulse, and since that time,
Canst thou denie, that being fled from hence,
Thou ioynedst in confederacie with Fraunce,
And camst with them to burne Southampton here,
Are these no faults, thou shouldst so much presume,
To cleere thy selfe, and lay thy bloud on vs?
Fal. Heare me sir Harrie, since we must dispute,
Cap. Dispute vnciuil wretch, what needs dispute,
Did not the Aiead mirall heere, and I
Incountring with the Nauie of the French,
Attach thee in a ship of Normandie,
And wilt thou stand vpon thine innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemnde
As euer rebell was. And thou shalt dye.
Fal. I make no question of it, I must die,
But let me tell you how I scorne your threats,
So litle do I reckon of the name
Of sugly death, as were he visible,
I'de wrastle with him for the victorie,
And tugge the slaue and teare him with my teeth,
But I would make him stoope to Falconbridge,
And for this life, this paultrie brittle life,

This blast of winde which you haue labourde so,
By iuries, sessions, and I know not what,
To rob me off, is of so vile repute:
That to attaine that I might liue mine age,
I would not giue the value of a point,
You cannot be so cruell to afflict,
But I will be as forward to indure.

Mor. Go to, leaue off these idle braues of thine:
And thinke vpon thy soules health Falconbridge.

Cap. Submit and aske forgiuenesse of thy King.

Fal. What King?

Mor. Why Edward of the house of Yorke.

Fal. He is no King of mine he does vsurpe,
And if the destinies had giuen me leaue.
I would haue told him so before this time,
And puld the Diademe from off his head,

Mo. Thou art a traitor, stop thy traitors mouth.

Fal. I am no traitor, Lancaster is King,
If that be treason to defend his right,
What ist for them that do imprison him?
If insurrection do aduance his scepter,
What fault is theirs that step into his throane?
Oh God, thou pourd'st the balme vpon his head,
Can that pure vnction be wipt off againe?
Thou once didst crown him in his infancy,
Shall wicked men now in his age depose him?
Oh pardon me if I expostulate,
More then becomes a sinfull man to do,
England I feare thou wilt thy folly rue.

Cap. Thou trifflest time and dost but wearie vs
With dilatorie questions, make an end,

Fal. Indeed the end of all Kingdomes must end,
Honour and riches all must haue an end.
And he that thinkes he doth the most preuaile,
His head once laid, there resteth but a tale:
Come fellow, do thy office, what me thinks,

Thou lookst as if thy heart were in thy hose,
Pull vp thy spirits, it will be quickly done,
A blow or two at most will serue the turne.

Head. Forgiue me sir your death.

Fal. Forgiue thee? I and giue thee to,
Hold, there is some few crownes for thee to drink,
Tush weep not man, giue losers leaue to plaine,
And yet iseith my losse I count a gaine,
First let me see, is thy axe sharpe inough,
I am indifferent, well a Gods name to this geare,

Hea. Come & yeeld your head gently to the block,

Fal. Gently saist thou? thou wilt not vse me so:
But al is one for that, what strength hast thou,
Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman.
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
Then do thy worke, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis done.

Head. I warrant you sir none in the land shall doe it better.

Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewel
And old Plantagenet, if thou suruiue.
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London and the promised reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
How say you Captaine are you so content?

Cap. With all my heart, but I do maruel much
We heare not of the messenger we sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this?

M. Take truce with your surmises here he comes.

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gate,
Or verie negligent in our affaires,
What sales King Edward to our service done?
Mes. To answer you directly and briefly,
I spoke with him, for when I was come
To Drayton Basset, where they said he was,
I was told me there that euen the night before,
His highnes in all hast, was rid to London:
The occasion, Henries death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundrie tales,
Some thinking he was murdred, some againe
Supposing that he died a naturall death.
Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death, but his,
That for his treason here hath lost his head.
Come let vs giue direction as before,
And afterward make back vnto the shore. Exeunt

Enter the Lord Maior in his scarlet gowne with a guilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marie Crosbie this befits thee well,
But some will maruaile that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a guilded rapier by my side:
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field
For my good seruice to my Lord the King,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court in Cittie, or at any royall banquet.
But soft John Crosbie, thou forgetst thy selfe,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage,
Where thou wast born, & whence thou art deriu'd,
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall
Of London was my chiefest fostering place,
There did I learn, that neare vnto a Crosse,
Commonly called Cow Crosse neare Islington,
An honest Cittizen did chance to find me,
A poore Shoemaker by trade he was,

And doubting of my Christendome or no,
Calde me according to the place he found me.
John Crosbie, finding me so by a Crosse.
The Maisters of the Hospitall at further yeares,
Bound me apprentise to the Grocers trade.
Wherin God pleasde to blesse my poore endeuours
That by his blessings I may come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requited,
And to the Hospitall my fostering place,
An hundred pound a yeare I giue for euer,
Likewise in memorie of me John Crosbie
In Bishopsgate streete a poore house haue I built,
And as my name haue cald it Crosbie house,
And when as God shall take me from this life,
In little S. Hellens will I be buried:
All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
But God for his pittie I forget my selfe,
The King my Soueraigne Lord will come anone,
And nothing is as yet in readinesse. (Shoare
Where are ye cosin Shoare? nay where is Mistris
Oh I am sorry that shee staies so long,
See what it is to be a widower,
And lacke a Ladie Maiorelle in such neede.

Enter M. Shoare and Mistresse Shoare.

Oh are ye come? welcome good cosin Shoare,
But you indeed are welcome gentle Niece,
Needs must you be our Ladie Maiorelle now,
And helpe vs or else we are shamde for euer,
God Cosin still thus am I bolde with you.

Sh. With all my heart my Lord, & thank ye too,
That you do please to vse our homely help.

Ma. Why see how neately she bestirs her selfe,
And in good sooth makes huswifery to shine?
Ah had my Lady Maiorelle liu'de to see
Faire Mistresse Shoare thus beautifie her house,

She would haue bẽ not little proud therof. (flout,
Iane. Well my Lord Maio, I thank you for that
But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
All things are in a perfect readines.
They bring forth a table, & serue in the banquet.
Maio. The more am I beholding Niece to you,
That take such paines to saue our credit now:
My seruants are so slack, his Maiestie,
Might haue bẽn here before we were preparde,
But peace here comes his Highnes.
The Trumpets sound, and enters king Edward,
How. Sellinger, and the traine (word:
K. Now my Lord Maior, haue we not kept our
Because we could not stay to dine with you:
At our departure hence, wee promised,
First sod we tasted at our backe returne,
Should be with you, still yelding heartie thanks,
To you and all our London Cittizens.
For the great seruice which you did performe
Against that bold fac'de rebel Falconbridge.
Ma. My gracious Lord what then we did,
We did account no more then was our dutie,
Vnto obliged by true subiects zeale,
And may he neuer liue that not defends,
The honor of his king and countrie.
Nert thanke I God, it likes your Maiestie,
To blesse my poore rose, with your royall presence,
To me could come no greatẽt happines.
K. Thanks good L. Maior, but wheres my L. Maiorelle, I hope that she will bid vs welcome too.
M. She would my Liedge, and with no little ioy,
Had she but liu'd to see this blessed day,
But in her stead this Gentle woman here,
My Collins wife, that office will supply:
How say you mistresse Shoare?
K. How? mistresse Shoare? what not his wife

That

That did refuse his Knight-hod at our hand?

Ma. The very same my Lord and here he is.

K. What M. Shoare, we are your debter still,
But by Gods grace entend not so to die:
And Gentlewoman now before your face,
I must condemne him of discourtesie,
Yea, and of great wrong that he hath offered you,
For you had bene a Ladie but for him.
He was in fault trust me he was to blame,
To hinder berths of her due by right.

Ia. My gracious L. my poore humble thoughts,
Were had an eye to such unworthinesse,
And though some hold it as a maxime,
That Womens minds by nature do aspire,
Yet how both God and M. Shoare I thanke
For my continuance in this humble state,
And likewise how I loue your Maiestie:
For gracious sufferance that it may be so:
Heauen beare true record of my inward soule:
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I dot such dutie as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnesse welcome to his house,
Were welcomes vertue powerfull in my word,
The King of England should not doubt thereof.

K. Nor do I mistris Shoare, now my Lo. Maior
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome,
You spake the word wel, verie wel i faith,
But Mistris Shoare her tongue hath guilded it,
Tel me Colin Howard and Tom Sellinger,
Had euer Cittizen so faire a wife?

How. Of flesh and bloud I neuer did behold,
A woman euerie way so absolute.

Sel. Nor I my Liedge, were Sellinger a King,
He could afford Shoares wife to be a Quéen. (Ned?

K. Why how now Tom? Naie rather how now
What change is this? proud, sawcie roaming eye,

What whispers in my brain, that she is faire?
I know it, I see it, fayrer then my Queene:
Wilt thou maintain it? what? thou traitor heart,
Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracie?
Downe rebell, backe base treacherous conceit,
I will not credit thee my Bessie is faire,
And Shoares wife but a blowze, compared to her,
Come let vs sit, here will I take my place.
And my Lord Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
That I may drinke to your elected Maioresse,
And M. Shoare tel me how like you this,
My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maioresse?
Sho. So wel my Lord as better cannot be,
All in the honor of your Maiestie.
The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, & humbly on his knees offers it to the King.
Kin. Nay drinke to vs L. Maior, weele haue it so
Go to I say you are our Carter now.
Drinke then, and we will pledge ye.
M. All health and happines to my soueraign. hee drinks
K. Fil ful our cup, and Ladie Maioresse,
This ful carowse we meane to drinke to you,
And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,
Then you shall please to answer vs withall.
He drinks, & the Trumpets sound, then wine is brought to her, and she offers to drinke.
Nay you must drinke to some body, yea Tom to thee
Well sirra, see you doe her right:
For Eward would, oh would to God he might.
Yet idle eye, wilt thou be gadding still?
Keepe home, keepe home for feare of further ill.
Enter a Messenger with letters.
How now? letters to vs, from whom?
Mess. My Liege, this from the D. of Burgundy.
And this is from the Constable of Fraunce.
K. What newes from them?

He

He opens the letter and readeth.

To claime our right in Fraunce?
And they wil aide vs, yea, wil ye so?
But other aide must aide vs ere we goe.

He seemes to read the letters, but glaunces on Mistresse Shoare in his reading.

A womans aid, that hath more power then France
To crowne vs, or to kill vs with mischance.
If chast resolue be to such beautie tied,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be stil denied,
Her husband hath deserued well of thee,
Tut, loue makes no respect where ere it be,
Thou wrongst the Queene: euerie enforced ill,
Must be endur'de, where beautie seekes to kil:
Thou seemst to read only to blind their eies,
Who knowing it, thy folly would despise.

He starts from the table,

Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, I am not well,
I know not how to take these newes. This fit I (meane
That hath bereft me of all reason cleane.

M. God shield my Soueraigne.

K. Nay nothing I shall be wel anon.

Ian. May it please your Highnes sit.

K. I, faine with thee, nay we must néeds be gon.
Colin Howard conuey these letters to our counsel,
And bid them giue vs their aduise of them,
Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, farewel to you:
And farewel mistresse Shoare, L. Maioresse I should (say,
Ti's you haue causde our parting at this time.
Farewel M. Shoare, farewel to all,
We're met once more to make amends for this.

Exeunt King. How, and Sel.

M. O God here to be ill?
My house to cause my Soueraigns discontent?
Colin Shoare I had rather spent. (humors,

Sho. Content your selfe my L. kings haue their

The letters did containe some what no doubt,
That did displease him.

Iane. So my Lord thinke I,
But by Gods helpe he wil be well againe.

M. I hope so too, wel Cosin for your paines,
I can but thanke ye, chiefely your faire Niece,
At night I pray yée both come sup with me.
How say ye? will yée?

Sh. Yes my Lord we will.
So for this time we humbly take our leaue.

Exeunt Shoare and his wife.

M. Oh now the sudden sickenesse of my Liedge,
Afflicts my soule with manie passions?
His Highnes did entend to be right merrie,
And God he knowes how it would glad my soule,
If I had seene his Highnes satisfied
With the poore entertainment of his Maior,
His humble vassalls, whose lands, whose life and all
Are, and in dutie must be alwaies his.
Well, God I trust wil bleese his Graces health,
And quickly ease him of his sudden fit.
Take alwaie there horid this place.
And God of heauen bleese my Soueraignes Grace. Exit

Enter two prentizes preparing the Goldsmiths Shop with plate.

1, Pren. Sirra, Jacke come set out.

2, Pren. You are the elder Prentise, I pray you do it, least my mistris talke with you when shé comes downe, what is it a clocke?

1. Pren. Sir by Alhallowes.

2. Pren. Lying and stealing wil bring ye to the Gallowes. Is here al the plate?

1. Pren. I that must serue to day,
Where is the weights and ballance?

2. Pren. All readie, harke my mistris comes. Exit 1. Pren.

Enter Mistris Shoare with her worke in her hand.

Iane

Iane. Sir boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman have dispatcht the cup,
How many ounces weighes it?

2. Pren. Twentie forsoth.

Iane. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?

2. Pren. He told my maister I was not within.

Iane. Go sir make hast, your M. is in Cheapside:
Take heed ye were best your loitring be not spide.

The boy departs, & she sits sowing in her shop.

Enter the king disguised.

K. Wel fare a case to put a King in yet,
God mistris Shoare this doth your loue procure,
This shape is secret, and I hope ti's sure,
The Watermen that daily vse the Court,
And see me often, know me not in this,
At Lyon key I landed in their view,
Yet none of them toke knowledge of the King,
If any gallant strive to haue the wall,
Ile yeeld it gently: soft here must I turne,
Heres Lumbard stréte, and heres the Pellican,
And theres the Phenix in the Pellicans nest,
O rare perfection of rich natures worke,
Bright twinkling sparke of prætious Diamond,
Of greater value then all India,
Were there no Sun, by whose kind lovely heat
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of prize,
Her radiant eies deiected to the ground,
Would turne each Peble to Diamond,
Gaze grédie eies and be not satisfied,
Till you finde rest, where hearts desire doth bide.

Ia. What would you buy sir that you look on here?

K. Your fairest iewel, be it not too deare.
First how this Saphire Mistris that you weare?

Iane Sir it is right that, wil I warrant ye,
No Iewellor in London shewes a better.

K. No, nor the like, yet prayse it passing well.

Iane. Do I no, if some lapidarie had the stone, more would not buy it then I can demaund. Tis as well set I thinke as ere ye saw.

K, Ed. Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand, that ere I saw.

Iane. You are disposde to iest, but for value his Maiestie might weare it.

K, Ed. Might he (faith?

Iane. Sir tis the ring I meane.

K, Ed. I meant the hand,

Iane. You are a merrie man I see,
You come to cheape and not to buy.

K, Ed. Yet he that offers fairer then ile doe,
shall hardly finde a partner in his bargaine.

Iane. Perhaps in buying things of so smal value?

King. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Ia. He were too fond, that would so highly prize,
The thing which once was giuen awaie for loue.

Kin. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Ia. The gift so small, that aske who could denie it?

Kin. Oh the gaue more, that such a gift then gaue,
Then earth ere had, or world shall euer haue.

Ia. His hap is il, should it be as you say,
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King. That easily proues he dooth not know the (worth.
Ia. Yet hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather proues you ouer-rate the thing,
He being a chapman, as it seemes you are.

King. Indeed none should aduenture on the thing.
Thats to be purchast only by a King.

Ia. If Kings loue that, which no man else respects,
It may be so, else do I see small reason,
A King should take delight in such course stuffe.

King. Liues there a King, that would not giue his crown,
To purchase such a kingdome of content?

Ia. In my conceit, right well you aske that question.

The world I think contains not such fond King.
K. Why mistresse Shoare, I am the man will do it.
Ia. Its proudly spoke, although I not beleeue it,
Were he King Edward that should offer it.
K. But shall I haue it?
Ia. Upon what acquaintance?
K. Why since I saw thee last.
Ia. Where was that?
K. At the L. Maiors, in the presence of the King.
Ia. I haue forgotten that I saw you there,
For there were many that I toke small note of.
K, Of me you did, and we had some discourse.
Ia, You are deceiued Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.
K. Ile gage my hand vnto your hand of that,
Looke well vpon me.
He discouers himselfe.
Ia. Now I beseech you let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldnes to your Maiestie, (she kneels
What euer we possesse is all your highnesse,
Onely mine honor, which I cannot grant,
K, Onely thy loue (bright angel) Edward craues,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.
Enter Maister Shoare.
Ia. But here comes one, to whom I only gaue it.
And he I doubt will say ye shal not haue it.
K, Am I so soone cut off? oh spight.
How say ye mistris, will ye take my offer?
Ia, Indeed I cannot sir afford it so.
K, Poule not be offered fairlier I beleeue.
Ia, Indeed you offer like a Gentleman,
But yet the iewel will not so be left.
Sho, Sir, if you bid not too much vnder-foot,
Ile diuine the bargaine twixt you and my wife.
K, Alas good Shoare, my selfe dare answere no. Kin. aside.
Nothing can make thee such a iewel forgoe.

She saith you shall be too much loser by it.
Sho. Sée in the row then, if you can spéed better.
King. Sée many worlds arow, affords not like.
As he goes forth, Shoare looks earnestly, and perceiues it is the King, whereat he seemeth greatly discontented.
I. Why lookst thou Mat. knowst thou the gẽtlemã
Alas what ailes thee that thou lookst so pale?
What chére sweet hart? alas where hast thou bẽn?
Sho. Nay nothing Iane, know you the gentle mã?
Iane. Not I sweet heart, alas why do you aske?
Is he thine enemie?
Sho. I cannot tell,
What came he here to cheapen at your shoppe?
Iane. This iewell loue.
Sho. Well I pray God he came for nothing else,
Iane. Why who is it? I do suspect him Shoare.
That you demand thus doubtedly of me,
Sho. Ah Iane, it is the King.
Ia. The King? what then? ist for that thou sighst?
Were he a thousand Kings thou hast no cause
To feare his presence or suspect my loue.
Sho. I know I haue not, sée he comes againe.
The king enters againe, muffled in his cloake.
King. Still is my hinder there? be patient heart,
Some fitter season must asswage the smart,
What will ye take that mistris which I offred ye?
I come againe sir, as one willing to buy.
Iane. Indéed I cannot sir, I pray ye
Deale with my husband, here what he will say.
Sho I'le sell it worth your money, if you please.
I pray you come neare sir.
King. I am too nére alreadie, thou so nére.
Nay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her,
And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more,
So fare ye wel sir, I will not deale with you. Exit.

Iane

Ia. You are deceiude(sweet heart)tis not the King
Thinke you he would aduenture thus alone?
Sho. I do assure thee Iane it is the King.
Oh, God, twixt the extreames of loue and feare,
In what a shiuering ague fits my soule?
Keepe we our treasure secret, yet so fond,
As set so rich a beautie as this is,
In the wide view of euerie gazers eie?
Oh traitor beautie, oh deceitfull god,
That dost conspire against thy selfe and loue,
No sooner got but wisht againe of others,
In thine owne selfe, iniurious to thy selfe,
Oh rich poore portion, thou good euill thing?
How many toilfull woes still dost thou bring?
Ia. I pray thee come, sweet loue and sit by me,
No King thats vnder heauen Ile loue like thee. Exit.

Enter sir Humphrey Bowes, and maister Aston, being two iustices, Harry Grudgen, Robert Godfellow, and Iohn Hob the Tanner.

Bow. Neighbors and friends the cause that you are called,
Concerns the Kings most excellent maiestie,
Whose right you know by his progenitors,
Vnto the Crowne and soueraintie of France,
Is wrongfully detained by the French,
Which to reuenge and royaly regaine.
His Highnes meanes to put himselfe in armes,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlike troupes against the enemie.
But for his Coffers which are vnfurnished,
Through ciuill discord and intestine warr,
(Whose bleeding scarres our eyes may yet behold)
He praies his faithfull louing subiects helpe,
To further this his iust great enterprize.

Hobs. So the secke and meaning, whereby as it were of all your long purgation S. Humphrey is ne more in some respect, but the King wants mony

and would haue some of his comentie.

Bo, Tanner you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Ast, Note this withall, where his dread maiestie,
(Our lawfull soueraigne, and most royall King)
Might haue exacted or impolde a Tare
Or borrowed greater summes then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread commaund)
He doth not so, but mildly doth entreat
Our kind benevolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds towards this mightie charge.

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble Counsellor
And kinsman the Lord Howard here is come,
H, Now good sir Humphrey Bowes, and M, Aston,
Haue ye declared ỳ kings most gracious pleasure?

Bo, We haue my Lord.

How, His highnes wil not force,
As loane or tribute, but wil take your gift,
In gratefull part and recompence your loue.

B, To shew my loue, though mony now be scarce
A hundreth pound Ile giue his maiestie.

Ho, Tis well sir Humphrey.

Aston, I a hundred markes.

Ho, Thanks M Aston, you both shew your loue,
Now aske your neighbours what they wil bestow?

Bow, Come master Hadland your benevolence.

Had, O good sir Humphrey do not rack my purse,
You know my state, I lately sold my land. (part,

Aston, Then you haue money, let the King haue

Hob, I do Master Hadland do, they say ye sold a a foule deale of durtie land for faire gold and siluer, let the king haue some now while you haue it, for if yee bee forborne a while, all will be spent, for he that cannot keepe land that lies fast, will haue much a do to hold mony, its slipperie ware, tis melting ware, tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy Tanner.

Bowes,

Bowes, Say, what shal we haue?
Hadland. My fortie shillings.
Aston. Robert Goodfellow.
I know you will be liberall to the King.
Good. O M. Aston be content I pray ye,
You know my charge, my household very great,
And my house kéeping holdes me verie bare,
Thréescore vprising, and downe lying sir,
Spends no small store of vittailes in a yeare,
Two brace of Greyhounds, xx. couple of hounds,
And then my iades deuoure a deale of corne,
My Christmas cost, & then my friends that come
Amounts to charge, I am Robin Goodfellow,
That welcomes all and kéepes a frolike house,
I haue no money pray ye pardon me. (chriue,
Ho. Heres a plaine Tanner can teach you how to
Kéepe fewer dogs, and then ye may féede men:
Yet féede no idle men, tis néedlesse charge,
You that on hounds and hunting mates will spend,
No doubt but something to your King youle lend.
Good. My brace of angels, by my troth thats all
Hob. Masse and tis wel the curs haue left so much
I thought they would haue eaten vp thy house and
land ere this.
Bowes, Now Harrie Grudgen.
Grudgen, What would you haue of mee? money I haue none, and ile sell no stocke, heres olde polling, subsidie, fiftéen, souldiers, and to the poore, and you may haue your will, youle soone shut me out of dore.
Hob. Heare ye worships, will ye let mee answere my neighbour Grudgē? By my hallidome Harry Grudgen, tha'rt but a grumbling, grudging Churle, thou hast two ploughes going, and neare a Cradle rocking, tha'st a pecke of mony, goe to, turne thée loose, thou'lt goe to law with the Vicar for a tyth goose, and wilt not spare the King foure or fiue pound.
Grudgen. Gep goodman Tanner, are ye so round? your

prolicatenes has brought your sonne to the gallowes almost, you can be franke of another mans cost.

Hob, Thart no honest man to twit me with my sonne, hee may out liue thee yet for ought that he has done, my sonnes ich gaile, is hee the first hath béene there, and thou were a man, as thart a beast, I would haue thee by the cares.

Weeping.

How. Friend thou wantste nurture, to vpbraid a Father
With a sonnes fault, we sit not here for this;
Whats thy beneuolence to his maiestie?

Hob. His benegligence? hang him heele not giue a pennie willingly.

Gr. I care not much to cast awaie fortie pence.

Ho. Out grudging pessant, base ill nurturd groome,
Is this the loue thou bear'st vnto the King?
Gentlemen take notice of the slaue,
And if he fault let him be soundly plagude?
Now frolike Tanner, what wilt thou afford?

Hob. Twentie old angels and a score of hides, if that be too little, take twentie nobles more, while I haue it my King shal spend of my store.

How. The King shall know thy louing liberall heart.

Hob. Shall hee ifaith, I thanke yee heartily, but heare yée Gentleman, ye come from the Court?

How, I doe.

Hob. Lord how does the King, and how does Ned the Kings Butler, and Tom of his chamber, I am sure ye know them?

Hovv. They do verie well.

Hob. For want of better guests they were at my house one night.

Hovv. I know they were.

Hob. They promist me a good turne for kissing my daughter Nell, and now I ha cagion to trie them, my sonnes in Dybell heere in Caperdochie, itha Gaile for péeping into another mans purse, and outstep the King bee miserable, hées like

like to totter, can that same Ned the Butler doe any thing with the King?

How. Woze then my selfe, oz any other Lozd.

Hob. A halter he can, by my troth ye reiounce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court I warrant thy sonnes life, Ned will saue that, and do thee greater good.

Hob. Ile weane Brocke my mares fole, and come vp to the King, and it shall go hard but two fat hens foz your paines I will bzing.

Bowes. My Lozd this fellow gladly now will giue, fiue pounds so you will pardon his rude speech,

How. Foz fiue and fiue I cannot bzoke the beast.

Grud. What giues the tanner I am as able as he?

Aston. He giues ten pound,

Grud. Take twentie then of me.

I praie ye my Lozd fozgiue my rough heaud speech I wis I meant no hurt vnto my Liedge.

Bowes. Let vs entreat your Lozdships patience.

How, I do at your request remit the offence. So lets depart, heres all we haue to doe,

Ast. Tis foz this time and place my Lozd, sirra bzing your money.

Hob. What haue you sau'de now goodman Grudgen, by your hinching and your pinching, not the wozth of a blacke pudding. Exeunt.

Enter mistris Shoare and mistris Blage.

M, Bla. Now mistresse Shoare what vrgent cause is that, Which made ye send foz me in such great haste? I pzomise ye it made me halfe afraid, you were not well.

Iane. Truth mee, noz sicke, noz well, but troubled stil with the disease I told ye: here is another letter from the King, was neuer powze soule so impoztuned.

M, Bla. But will no answere serue?

Iane, No mistris Blage, no answere will suffize, Ye, he it is that with a violent siedge

Labours to breake into my plighted faith,
Oh what am I, he should so much forget
His roiall state, and his high maiestie?
Still doth he come disguised to my house,
And in most humble tearmes bewraies his loue,
My husband grieues, alas how can he chose,
Fearing the dispossessement of his Iane.?
And when he cannot come(for him)he writes,
Offering beside incomparable gifts,
And all to winne me to his princely will.

M. Bla. Beléeue me M. Shoare a dangerous case,
And euery waie repleat with doubtfull feare,
If you should yéeld, your vertuous name were soild
And your beloued husband made a scorne,
And if not yéeld, its likely that his loue,
Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate,
And who knowes not a princes hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistresse Shoare do what ye will for me.

Ia. Then counsaile me what I were best to do.

M.B. You know his greatnes can dispense with ill,
Making the sinne séeme lesser by his worth,
And you your selfe your, children and your friends,
We all aduanced to worldly dignitie,
And this worlds pompe you know is a goodly thing
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good Mistresse Shoare do what ye will for me.

Ia Alas I know that I was bound by oath,
to keepe the promise that I made at first,
And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.

M.B. So we do say dishonour is no shame,
When slaunder does not touch the offenders name,
You shall be folded in a Princes armes,
Whose becke disperseth euen the greatest harmes,
Many that sit themselues in high degrée,
Will then be glad to stoope, and bende the knée,

And

And who ist, hauing plentie in the hand,
Neuer commanded, but doth stil command,
That cannot worke in such excesse of things,
To quit the guilt one small transgression brings?
Yet I wil not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye wil for me.

Ia. Here do I liue although in meane estate,
Yet with a conscience free from al debate,
Where higher toting may in time procure,
A sudden fall, and mire my sweet with sowre.

M.B. True, I confesse a priuate life is good,
Nor would I otherwise be vnderstood.
To be a Goldsmiths wife is some content,
But daies in court more pleasantly are spent,
A houseHolds gouernment deserues renowne.
But what is a companion to a crowne?
The name of Mistresse is a prettie thing,
But Madam at each word doth glorie bring.
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye wil for me.

Ia. Oh that I knew which were the best of twain,
Which for I do not, I am sicke with paine.

Enter her Boy.

How now sir boy, what is the newes with you?

Boy. The Gentleman forsoth the other day,
That would haue bought the iewel at our stall,
Is here to speake with ye.

Iane. Oh Cocke it is the King.
Good mistris Blague withdraw ye from this place,
Ile come anon, so soone as he is gone,
And sirra get you to the shop againe Exit Boy.

M.B. Now mistris Shoare bethink ye what to do.
Such suters come not euery day to woe.

Mistris Blague departs and the King enters in his former disguise.

K. Thou maist commit me (beauties pride) of boldnes

That I intrude like an vnbidden guest,
But loue being guide, my fault wil séeme the lesse.
Ia. Most welcome to your subiectes homelie rowe,
The foote my Soueraigne, seldome doth offence,
Vnlesse the heart some other hurt intend.
King, The most thou séest is hurt vnto my selfe
How for thy sake, is maiestie disrobde?
Riches made poore, and dignitie brought low,
Onely that thou mightst our affection know.
Iane, the more the pittie that within the skie,
The sunne that should all other vapours drie,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled vp himselfe in wilfull night.
K. The want of thee, faire Cinthia is the cause,
Spread thou thy siluer-brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the gladsome morning wil appeare.
Ia. I maie not wander, he that guides my carre,
Is an immoued, constant fired starre,
K. But I wil giue that starre a comets name,
And shield both thée and him from further blame.
Ia. How if the host of Heauen at this abuse
Repine? who can the prodegie excuse?
K. It lies within the compasse of my powre,
To dim their enuious eies, dare séeme to lowre,
But leauing this our Enigmatike talke,
Thou must sweete Iane repaire vnto the Court,
His tongue intreats, controls the greatest péere,
His hand plights loue, a royall scepter holds,
And in his hart he hath confirmde thy good.
Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.
Ia. If you enforce me, I haue naught to say,
But wish I had not linde to see this day. (to my
K. Blame not the time, thou shall haue cause
Iane in the euening I will send for thee.
And thou and thine shall be aduancde by mee.
In signe wherof receiue this true loue kisse,

Nothing

Nothing il meant, there can be no amisse, Exit.

Iane. Well I wil in, and ere the time beginne,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, maister Shoare and Frauncis Emersley.

Maior. But Cosin Shoare, are ye assurde it was the King you saw in such disguise?

Sho. Do I know you the vncle of my wife? know I Franke Emersley her brother here, so surelie do I know that counterfeit to be King.

Fran. Well, admit all this. And that his Maiestie in such disguise, please to survey the maner of our City, or what occasiõ else may like himselfe. Me thinks you haue small reason brother Shoare, to be displeasde thereat.

Ma. Oh I haue found him now.
Because my Niece his wife is beautifull,
And wel reputed for her vertuous parts:
He in his fond conceit misdoubts the King,
Doth dote on her in his affection.
I know not cosin how she may be changd,
By anie cause in you procuring it,
From the faire cariage of her wonted course:
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
She merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some giddie fancie in your braine,
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference.
I tell you Cosin, more for her respect.
Then to scath you in such sottishnes,
I would reueale yé open to the world,
And let your follie iustly plague your selfe.

Sho. Uncle you are to forwarde in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennes,
Your Nieces reputation haue I prizde,
And shrined as deuoutly in my soule
As you, or anie that it can concerne.

Nay

For when I tell you that it is the King,
Comes muffled like a common seruingman,
Do I inferre thereby my wife is false,
Or swerues one iot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop she sit, more to respect,
Her seruants dutie, then for anie skill,
She doth, or can pretend in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that euer when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with mee?
Ah Uncle Franke, nay, would all her kin,
Were here to censure of my cause aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet giue me leaue,
To doubt what his slie walking may entend.
And let me tell ye, he that is possest,
Of such a beautie, feares vndermining guests:
Especially a mightie one, like him,
Whose greatnesse may guilde ouer vgly sinne.
But say his comming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some sly aiming at my life,
By false compounded mettals, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be sold.
When Kings themselues so narrowly do pry
Into the world, men feare, and why not I?

Fran. Beleeue me brother in this doubtful case
I know not wel how I should answere ye,
I wonder in this serious busie time,
Of this great gathered beneuolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lords,
Yea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander here disguised in this sort.
But is not this your boy?

Enter the Boy.

Sho. Yes marrie is it: how now, what newes with thee?

Boy. Maister, my Mistresse by a Nobleman,

Is sent for to the King in a close Coach,
Shees gon with him, these are the newes I bring.
Ma. How? my Niece sent for to the King?
By a Nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Nay, then I like it not?
Fran. How, gone saist thou?
S. Be patient Uncle, storme not gentle Francke:
The wrong is mine, by whom? a King,
To talke of such it is no common thing.
She is gone thou saist?
Boy. Yes truely sir, tis so.
Sho. I cannot helpe it, a Cocks name let her goe,
You cannot helpe it Uncle, no, no? you,
Where Kings are medlers, meaner men must rue.
I storme against it? no, Farewel Iane Shoare.
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.
Maior. Gone to the Court? Exit Maior.
Sho. Yet uncle will ye rage?
Let mine example your high heat asswage,
To note offences in a mightie man,
It is inough amend it he that can,
Franke Emersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, goods and all I haue, to thee I passe,
Saue that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquie,
It never shall be said that Mathew Shoare,
A Kings dishonour in his bonnet wore.
Fan. Good brother.
Sh. Striue not to change me, for I am resolu'd,
And will not tarrie. England fare thou well.
And Edward, for requiting me so well,
But dare I speake of him? forbeare, forbeare,
Come Franke I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroad where ere my fortune be. Exeunt.
Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.
K. And haue our countrie subiects beene so franke

And bountifull in their benevolence,
Toward our present expedition?
Thanks Cosin Howard for thy paines herein:
We will have letters sent to every shire
Of thankefull gratitude, that they may know,
How highly we respect their gentlenes.
How. One thing my L. I had wel nére forgot,
Your pleasant hoast the Tanner of Tamworth,
King. What of him Cosin?
How. He was right liberall,
Twentie old angels dio he send your Grace,
And others séeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht further then otherwise they had done.
K. Trust me I must requite that honest Tanner.
Oh had he kept his word, and come to Court,
Then in good sadnesse we had had good sport.
How. That is not long my L. which comes at last
Hées come to London on an earnest cause,
His sonne lies prisoner in Saffolk Jayle,
and is condemned for a robberie.
Your Highnes pardoning his sonnes offence,
May yéld the Tanner no meane recompence.
K. But who hath séen him since he came to towne?
Sel. My Lord in Holborn t'was my hap to sée him
Gazing about, I sent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liverie cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner knew me straite,
How dost thou Tom? and how doth Ned quoth he
That honest merrie hangman, how doth he?
I knowing that your Maiestie entended
This day in person to come to the Tower,
There had him méete me, where Ned and I,
Would bring him to the presence of the King,
And there procure a pardon for his sonne.
King. Have then a care we be not séene of him,
Untill we be provided for the purpose,

Because

Becauſe once more wéele haue a little ſport,
Tom, Sellinger, let that care be yours.
Sel. I warrant ye my Lord let me alone.
Enter the Lord Maior.
K. Welcome L. Maior, what haue you ſignified
Our thankfulnes vnto our Citizens,
For their late gathered beneuolence?
Ma, Before the Citizens in our Guildhall,
Maiſter Recorder made a good oration,
Of thankeful gratitude vnto them all,
Which they receiued with ſo kind reſpect,
And loue vnto your royall maieſtie,
As it appeared to vs they ſorrowed,
Their bountie to your Highneſſe was no more,
Kin. Lord Maior, thanks to your ſelf and them,
And go ye with vs now into the Tower,
To ſée the order that we ſhall obſerue,
In this ſo néedfull preparation,
The better may you ſignifie to them,
What néed there was of their beneuolence.
Ma. Ile waite vpon your gracious Maieſtie,
Yet there is one thing that much grieueth me. aſide
Exeunt.
Enter Shoare, & two watermen bearing his trunks.
Sho, Go honeſt fellow, beare my trunks aboord,
And tell the maiſter ile come preſently.
Enter miſtris Shoare Lady-like attired, with diuers ſupplications in her hand, ſhe vnpinning her maske, and attended on by many ſutours.
1, Wa. We wil ſir, but what Ladie haue we here?
Belike ſhe is of no meane countenance,
That hath ſo many ſutors waiting on her.
Sho, Go one of you I pray ye, enquire her name,
1, Wa, My honeſt friend, what Ladie call ye this?
Aire. Her name is miſtris Shoare, the Kings beloued,

A speciall friend to sutors at the court.

S. Her name is mistris Shoare the Kings beloued,
Where shall I hide my head, or stop mine eares,
But like an owle I shall be wondred at?
When she with me was wont to walk the streets,
The people then as she did passe along.
would say there goes faire modest mistresse Shoare,
When she attended like a Cittie Dame,
Was praised of matrons. So that Cittizens,
When they would speak of ought vnto their wiues
Fetcht their example still from Mistris Shoare,
But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes,
This is not she that once in seemely blacke,
Was the chast sober wife of Mathew Shoare,
For now she is King Edwards Concubine,
Oh great ill title, honorable shame,
Her good I had, but King her ill is thine,
Once Shoares true wife, now Edwards Concubine
Amongst the rest ile note her new behauiour.

Al this while she stands conferring priuately with her sutors, and looking on their bils.

Aire, God mistris Shoare remember my sons life.

Iane, What is thy name?

Aire, My name is Thomas Aire.

Iane. There is his pardon signed by the King.

Aire. In signe of humble heartie thankfulnes,
Take this in angels twentie pound.

Iane. What ti take ye, that I buy & sell for bribes,
His highnesse fauour, or his subiects blood?
No, without gifts God grant I may do good,
For all my good cannot redeeme my ill,
Yet to doe good I will indeauour stil.

Sho. Yet all this good doth but guild ore thy il. aside

Palmer. Mistris the restitution of my lands,
Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.

Iane. The King is content your goods shall be restorde,

But

But the officers will hardly yeeld thereto,
Yet bée content, ile sée ye haue no wrong.
Sho. Thou canst not say to me so, I haue wrong.
Iockie. Mistris gude faith giue yeele helpe me till my lannd,
whilke the faulse loune Billy Grime of Gendale hauds, wrangfully fra me: ise white your gudenes with a bonnie nag, sall swum a way so deftly as the winde.
Iane. Your sute my friend, requires a longer time,
Yet since you dwell so farre off, to ease your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take,
And some relief ile get thée of the King.
Sho. Its cold relife thou gettest me from the King.
Iockie. Now Gods blessing light on that gúdly faire face, ise be your true bedsman mistresse, I indeede sal I.
Pal. God blesse the care you haue of doing good.
Aire. Pittie she should miscarrie in her life,
That beares so swéet a mind in doing good.
Sho. So say I too, ah Iane this kils my heart,
That thou recks others, and not rus my smart.
Rufford. Mistresse I feare you haue forget my sute?
Iane, Oh, tis for a licence to transport corne from this land, and lead, to forraine Realmes, I had your bil, but I haue torne your bil, and ware no shame I think to teare your eares, that care not how you wound the commonwealth. The poore must sterue for food to fill your purse. And the enemie bandie bullets of our lead. No maister Rufford, ile not speake for you except it be to haue you punished.
Iockie. By the messe a deft lasse, Christ benison light on her.
She espies her husband walking a loof off, and not knowing him, takes him for another sutor
Iane, Is that another suter? I haue no bill of his,
Go one of you and know what he would haue.
Sho. Yes Iane, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou hast canceld it.
Here she knowes him, and lamenting, comes to him.

Iane. Oh God it is my husband, kind Mathew Shoare.
Shoare. Ah Iane, whats he dare say he is thy husband?
Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so,
Thou wast a maide, a maide when thou wast wife,
Thou wast a wife euen when thou wast a maide,
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast,
But now thou art diuorcde, whiles yet hee liues,
That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.
Thy wilchood staínde, by thy dishonoured life,
For now thou art nor widdow, maide, nor wife.
Iane. I must confesse I yeelded vp the Forte,
Wherein lay all the riches of my ioy,
But yet sweete Shoare, before I yéelded it,
I did endure the longst and greatest siege,
That euer battred on poore chastitie,
And but to him that did assault the same,
For euer it had beene inuincible,
But I will yeeld it backe againe to thee.
Ye cannot blame me, though it be so done,
To loose by me, what first by me was wonne.
Sho. No Iane, there is no place allowde for me,
Where once a King hath tane possession.
Meane men brooke not a Riuall in their loue,
Much lesse so high vnriualde Maiestie,
A concubine to one so great as Edward.
Is farre too great to be the wife of Shoare.
Iane. I will refuse the pleasure of the Court,
Let me go with thée Shoare, though not as a wife,
Yet as thy slaue, since I haue lost that name,
I will redeeme the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true service, if thou wilt accept it.
Sho. Thou go with mee Iane, oh God forbid,
That I should be a traitour to my King,
Shall I become a fellon to his pleasures,
And flie away as guiltie of the theft?
No my deere Iane, I say it may not be,

Oh what haue subiects that is not their kings,
Ile not examine his prerogatiue.

Ia. Why then sweet Mat. let me intreat thee stay,
What ist with Edward that I cannot doe?
Ile make thee wealthier then ere Richard was.
That entertaind the three greatst kings in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a day
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou shalt haue it Shoare.

Sho. Indeed this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want or worldly miserie,
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne,
All worldly losses are but toies to mine,
Oh, all my wealth, the losse of thee was more,
Then euer time or fortune can restore. (mine,
Therefore sweet Iane farewell, once thou wast
Too rich for me, and that king Edward knewe,
Adiew, oh world he shall deceiued be,
That puts his trust in women or in thee.

Ia Ah Shoare fare wel, poore heart in death ile tel,
I euer lou'de thee Shoare, farewel, farewel. Exit.

Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard Sellinger and the traine.

King. Hauing awakt forth of their slepie dens
Our drouzie Cannons, which ere long shal charme
The watchfull French, with deaths eternall slep,
And all things else in readinesse for France,
A while we wil giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merrie Tanner nere at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merrie.
Therefore Lord Maior, and you my other friends,
I must intreat you not, to knowledge me,
No man stand bare, all as companions,
Giue me a cloake, that I may be disguisde,
Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another,

So Tanner, now come when ye please, we are prouided,
And in good time see he is come already.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, go thou and mete him.

Sel. What Iohn Hobs? welcome faith to court,

Hob, Gramercies honest Tom, where is the hangman Ned? where is that mad rascall, shall I not see him?

Sel. See where he stands that same is he.

Hob. What Ned? a plague found thee, how dost thou for a villaine? how dost thou madde Rogue, and how, and how?

King. In health Iohn Hobs, and verie glad to see thee,
But say, what wind droue thee to London.

Hobs. Ah Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlewinde man, my sonne, my sonne, did I not tell thee I had a knaue to my sonne?

King. Yes Tanner, what of him?

Hob. Faith hees in Caperdoche Ned, in Stafford Goale, for a robberie, and is like to be hangde, except thou get the King to be more miserable to him

King. If that be all Tanner, ile warrant him,
I will procure his pardon of the King.

Hobs. Wilt thou Ned, for those good words, see what my Daughter Nell hath sent thee, a handkercher wrought with as good Coentrie silke blew threed, as euer thou sawest.

King. And I perhaps may weare it for her sake,
In better presence then thou art aware off.

Hobs. How Ned, a better present? that canst thou not haue for silke, cloath, and workemanship, why Nell made it man,
But Ned? is not the King in this companie, whats hee in the long beard and the redde petticoate? before Cocke I misdoubt Ned that is the King, I know it by my Lord what ye calles players.

King. How by them Tanner?

Hob. Euer when they play an Enterloute or a commodity at Tamworth, the King allwaies is in a long beard, and a red gowne like him, therefore I spedt him to be the King.

King.

King. No trust me Tanner, this is not the King, but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and haue a pardon for thy sonne too with thee.

This man is the Lord Maior, Lord Maior of London, here was the Recorder too, but he is gone.

Hobs. What Nicknames these courtiers haue? Mare and Corder quotha? we haue no such at Litchfield, there is the honest Bayliffe and his brethren, such words giue best with vs

Kin. My Lord Maior, I praie ye for my sake, to bidde this honest Tanner welcome.

Maior. You are welcome my honest friend,
In signe whereof I pray you see my house,
And suppe with me this night.

Hobs I thanke ye good goodman Maior, but I care not for no meate, my stomache is like to a sicke swines, that will neither eate nor drinke, til she know what shall become of her pigge. Ned and Tom, you promisde me a good turne when I came to Court, either do it now, or goe hang your selues.

King. No sooner comes the King, but I wil doe it.

Sel. I warrant thee Tanner, feare not thy sonnes life.

Hobs. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Maister of Saint Katherines, and Widow Norton.

Maist. All health and happinesse to my Soueraigne.

King. The Maister of Saint Katherines hath mard all.

Hobs. Out, alas that euer I was borne.

The Tanner fals in a swound, they labour to reuiue him, meane while the King puts on his royal robes.

King. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme,
I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarrie.

Wid. Let me come to him by my Kings good leaue,

Heres ginger honest man, bite it.

Hobs, Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date,
I am but a dead man, ah my Liedge, that you should deale so with a poore wel meaning man, but it makes no matter, I can but die.

King. But when Tanner canst thou tell?

Hobs., Nay euen when you please, for I haue so defended ye, by calling ye plaine Ned, mad rogue and rascall, that I know youle haue me hangde. Therefore make no more adoe, but send me down to Stafford, and there a Cocks name hang mee with my senne. And heres another as honest as your selfe, you made me cal him plaine Tom, I warrant his name is Thomas, and some man of worship too, therefore lets to it; euen when and where ye wil.

King. Tanner attend, not onely do we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonnes trespasse do we pardon too.
Doe, goe and see that forthwith it be drawne,
Under our seale of England, as it ought,
And forty pounds we giue thee to defraie
Thy charges in thy comming vp to London.
Now Tanner what saist thou to vs?

Hobs. Marrie you speake like an honest man, if you meane as you say.

King. Wee meane it Tanner, on our roiall word.
Now master of S. Katherines what would you?

M. My gracious Lord the great benevolence,
(Though small to that your subiects could afford,
Of poore S. Katherines do I bring your grace)
Fine hundred pounds here haue they sent by me.
For the easier portage all in angel golde,
What this good widow mistris Norton wil,
She comes her selfe, and brings her gift with her.

Wid. Pardon me gracious Lord, presumption,
For ouertwéning in mine owne conceit,

Makes

Makes me thus bold to come before your Grace,
But loue and dutie to your maiestie:
And great desire to see my Lord the King,
Our maister here spake of beneuolence,
And said my twentie nobles was inough,
I thought not so, but at your Highnesse feete,
A widowes mite a token of her zeale,
In humble dutie giues you twentie pound.

Ki. Now by my crowne, a gallant lustie girle,
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberalitie likes me best.
Is thy name Norton?

Wid. I my gracious Liedge.

King. How long hast thou been a widow?

Wid, It is my Lord,
Since I did burie Wilkin my goodman,
At Shrouetide next euen iust a dozen yeares.

K. In al which space couldst thou not find a man
On whom thou mightst bestow thy selfe againe?

Wid. Not anie like my Wilkin whose deare loue
I know is matchlesse, in respect of whom,
I thinke not anie worthie of a kisse.

K. No widow that ile trie how like you this?

He kisseth her.

Wid. Welcrew my heart, it was a bonnie kisse,
Able to make an aged woman young?
And for the same most sweet and louelie Prince,
See what the widow giues you from her store,
Fortie old angels but for one kisse more.

K. Marie Widow and thou shalt haue it,
Iohn Hobs thou art a Widower,
Lackst thou such a wife?

Hob. Snailes, twentie pound a kisse? had shee as manie

twentie pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my tanfat shee might hille them away in a quarter of a yeare. Ile no Saint Katherines widowes, if billes be so deare.

Wid. Clubs and clouted shoes, theres none enamourd here.

King. Lord Maior, see thanke you and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Cittizens:
We will for France, wee bid you all farewel,
Come Tanner thou shalt with vs to court,
Thou shalt dine with my lord Maior,
And afterward set homeward when ye please:
God and our right that onely fight for vs,
Adiew, praie that our toile prooue prosperous.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Second part of King Edward the Fourth. Containing his iourney into France, for the obtaining of his right there: The treacherous falſhood of the Duke of Burgundie, and the Conſtable of France vſed againſt him, and his returne home againe. Likewiſe the proſecution of the hiſtorie of *M. Shoare* and his faire wife: Concluding with the lamentable death of them both

Enter King Edward, Sellinger, and Souldiers marching.

Edward.

IS this the aide our Coſin Burgundie,
And the great Conſtable of France aſſured vs?
Haue we marched thus farre through the heart of France?
And with the terror of our Engliſh Drums,
Rouzd the poore trembling French, which leaue their townes
That now the Wolues affrighted from the fields,
Do get their praie, and kennel in their ſtreets?
Our thundring Canons, now this fortnight ſpace,
Like common Bellmen in ſome market towne,
Haue cryed the conſtable and Burgundie:
But yet I ſée they come not to our aide,
Wéele bring them in, or by the bleſſed light,
Wéele ſearch the ground-ſilles of their Citties walles,

Since you haue brought me hither: I will make,
The proudest tower that stands in frãce to quake.
I marualle Scales returnes not, for by him
I doe respect to heare their resolutions,

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My Soueraigne he is happily returnde.
Ed. Welcome my lord, welcome good cosin Scales,
What news from Burgundy, what is his answer?
What comes he to our succour as he promised?
Scal. Not by his good wil, for ought that I can sée
He lingers stil in his long siedge at Nuse.
I iudge his promise and your expectation,
Euen to the force and compasse of my spirit,
I cherd my firme perswasions, with your hopes,
And gylded them with my best Oratorie,
I framde my speech still fitly as I found
The temper of his humor, to be wrought vpon,
But stil I found him earthly, vnresolude,
Muddie, and me thought euer through his eies,
I saw his wauering and vnsetled spirit,
And to be short, subtile and treacherous,
And one that doth entend no good to you,
And he will come and yet he wanteth power,
He would faine come, but may not leaue the siege,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impediments,
Haue hindred his determined intent,
Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.
Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Nuse?
Sca. My Lord the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
Tis but for succour,
Ed. But what saies Count S. Paul? (Quintins,
Scales. My Lord he lies, and reuelles at S.
And laughs at Edwards comming into Fraunce,
There domineering with his drunken crue,

Spake

Make Iygges of vs, and in their flauering iefts,
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field,
Then comes a flaue one of these drunken sots,
In with a Taverne reckoning for a supplication,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A drawers apron for a Heralds coate,
And tels the Count, the King of England craues
One of his worthie honors dog kennels,
To be his lodging for a day at two.
With some such other Taverne foleries:
With that this filthie rascall greasie rout,
Brast out in laughter at this worthie iest,
Neighing like horses: thus the Count Saint Paul
Regards his promise to your maiestie.

Ed. Wil no man thrust the flaue into a sack but?

Sel. Now by this light were I but nere the flaue
with a blacke iacke I would beat out his braines.

Ho. If it please your highnes but to say the word
Weele plucke him out of Quintins by the eares.

Ed. No cosin Howard weele reserue our valour,
For better purpose, since they both refuse vs,
Our selues wil be vnrivalde in our honour.
Now our first call my Lord is at maine France,
Whilst yet our armie is in health and strong,
And haue we once but broke vnto that warre,
I wil not leane S. Paul, nor Burgundie,
Not a bare Pigscoate to shroud them in.
Heraulde.

He. My Soueraigne.

Ed. Go Herauld, and to Lewes the french King,
Denounce sterne warre, and tell him I am come,
To take possession of my Realme of France.
Defie him boldly from vs, be thy voice
As fierce as thunder, to affright his soule:
Herauld be gone I say, and be thy breath,
Piercing as lightning, and thy words as deadly.

He:

Her. I goe my Liedge resolude to pour his will. Exit.

Ed. Sound Drum I say, set forward with our power,
And France ere long expect a dreadfull hower,
I will not take the English standards downe,
Till thou empale my temples with thy crowne.

Enter Lewes the French King, Burbon, and S. Pier, with the Heraulde of England.

K. Lewes. Heraulde of England, we are pleasde to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy King,
Prepare thy selfe and be aduisde in speech.

English Heraulde. Right gracious and most Christian King of France,
I come not to thy presence vnprepardе
To doe the message of my Royall Liedge.
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France,
The lawfull King, and Lord of Ireland,
Whose puissant magnanimious breast incensde,
Through manifest notorious iniuries,
Offred by thee King Lewes and thy French,
Against his title to the crowne of France.
And right in all these Dukedomes following,
Aquitaine, Aniow, Guyen, Aguilesme,
Breathes forth by me the Organe of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee:
And trampling now vpon the face of France,
With barbed horse, and valiant armed foote:
Himselfe the leader of those martiall troupes,
Bids thee to battell where and when thou darst,
Except thou make such restitution
And pearely tribute on good hostages,
As may content his iust conceiued wrath,
And to this message answere I expect.

Lew. Right peremptorie is this ambassage,
And were my royall Brother of England pleasd,

To

To entertain those kind affections,
Wherewith we doe imbrace his amitie:
Needlesse were all these thunder-threatning words,
Let heauen (where all our thoughts are registred)
Beare record, with what deepe desire of peace,
We shall subscribe to such conditions,
As equitie for England shall propound,
If Edward haue sustained wrong in France,
Lewes was neuer author of that wrong,
Yet faultles we wil make due recompence,
We are assurde that his maiestike thoughts
In his milde spirit did neuer meane these warres,
Til Charles Burgundie once our fawning friend,
But now our open foe, and Count S. Paul,
Our subiect once and Constable of France,
But now a traitor to our realme and vs,
Were motiues to incite him vnto armes,
Which hauing done will leaue him on my life.

Her. The King my master recks not Burgundie,
And scornes S. Paul that treacherous constable,
His puissance is sufficient in it selfe,
To conquer France like his progenitors.

K. L. He shall not need to wast by force of warre,
Where peace shall yeeld him more then I can win:
We couet peace and we wil purchase it
At anie rate that reason can demaund,
And it is better England ioyne in league
With vs his strong, old, open-enemie,
Than with those weake & new dissembling friends,
Me des secure vs from our open foes,
But trust in friends (though faithlesse) we repose,
My Lord S, Piere and cosin Burbon speake,
What censure you of Burgundie, and S. Paul?

S. Pi. Dread Lord, it is wel known that Burgundy
Made shew of tender seruice to your maiestie,
Till by the engine of his flatteries,

He made a breach into your highnes loue,
Where entred once and there of full possest,
He so abuse that royall, excellence,
By getting footing into many townes,
Castles and forts belonging to your crowne,
That now he holds them gainst your realme & you.

Bur. And Count S. Paul the Constable of france,
Ambitious in that high authoritie,
Vsurps the lands and Seigneuries of those
That are true subiects, noble péeres of France,
Your boundeles fauours did him first suborne,
And now to be your Liegeman he thinks scorne.

Lew. By this coniecture, the vnsteadie course,
Thy royal master vndertakes in France,
And Herald intimate what feruent zeale,
We haue to league with Edward and his English,
Thée humbleth crownes we giue thee for reward,
And of rich crimsen veluet thirtie yeardes,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre,
We swallow with the supple oile of peace
Which gentle Herauld if thou canst procure,
A thousand crownes shall iustly guerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred Maiestie,
To send vnto my gratious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But sweet relenting princely clemencie,
Performe me your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will vndertake to worke your peace.

Lew. By the true honour of a Christian King,
Effect our peace and thou shalt haue our crownes;

And

And we wil poste a herald after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech, and our desygnes:
Goe Mugeroune, see to this Herauld giuen
The veluet and three hundreth crownes prepoſde,
Farewell good friend, remember our request,
And kindlie commend vs to King Edward.

Exeunt English Herald and Mugeroune.

Now thinke you Lords, if not more requisite (wer.
To make our peace, then war with Englands po-
Burb. Yes gracious Lord, the wounds are bleeding
That Talbot, Bedford, & King Henry made, (yet,
Which peace must cure, or crāce shall languish stil.
S. Piere. Besides my Liege by these intestine foes,
The constable and treacherous Burgundie.
The States in danger if the English stirre.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. Tis perilous and full of doubt my Lords,
We must haue peace with England euery waie,
Who shal be Herald in there high affaires?
Bur. No better man then Monsieur Mugeroune,
Whose wit is sharpe, whose eloquence is sound,
His presence gracious and his courage good,
A gentleman, a scholler, and a souldiour,
A complcate man for such an embassage:
Art thou content to be imployde Mugeroune,
In this negotiation to King Edward?
Mug. If your most sacred Maiestie command,
Your humble vassall Mugeroune shal goe.
K. Lew. Gramercies Mugeroune, but thou must (assume,
A Heralds, habit and his office both,
To pleade our loue and to procure vs peace
With English Edward, for the good of France,
Mug. I know the matter and the forme my Lord,
Giue me my Heralds coate, and I am gone.
K. Lew. Thou art a man composde for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions.

And other fit ſupplies for theſe affaires,
And for thy diligence expect reward. Exeunt.

Enter ſeuerall waies Burgundie and the Conſtable of France.

Con. Whither alwaie ſo faſt goes Burgundy?
Bur. Nay rather whether goes the conſtable?
Con. Why to king Edward (man) is he not come?
Meanſt thou not likewiſe to goe viſite him?
Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy ſoule,
Thou knowſt that I doe purpoſe nothing leſſe.
Nay I doe know for all thy outward ſhew,
Thou haſt no meaning once to looke on him.
Brother diſſembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that meanes as falſely as thy ſelfe.
Con. I, but thou knowſt that Edward on our letters,
And hoping our aſſiſtance when he came,
Did make this purpoſde voiage into France,
And with his forces is he here arriude,
Truſting that we will keepe our word with him.
Now, though we meane it not, yet ſet a face
Upon the matter, as though we intended
To keepe our word with him effectually.
Bur. And for my better countenance in this caſe,
My lingring ſiedge at Nuſe will ſerue the turne,
There wil I ſpend the time to diſappoint,
King Edwards hope of my conioining with him.
Con. And I wil keepe me ſtil here in S. Quintins,
Pretending mightie matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather Burgundy, becauſe I aime
At matters which perhaps may coſt your head,
If al hit right to expectation,
In the meane ſpace like a good craftie Knaue,
That hugs the man he wiſheth hangd in heart,

All this aſide

Keeps

Kéepe I faire weather ſtill with Burgundy,
Till matters fall out for my purpoſe fit.
Ici ſont mon ſecrets, beau temps pour moy.
Bur. Ici ſont mon ſecrets, beau temps pour moy.
Are ye ſo craftie Conſtable? proceéde, proceéd,
You quick ſharpe ſighted man, imagine me
Blinde, witleſſe, and a ſilly Idiot,
That prics not into all your policies,
Who I? no God doth know my ſimple wit,
Can neuer ſound a iudgement of ſuch reach,
As in our cunning Conſtable of France:
Perſwade thy ſelfe ſo ſtil, and when time ſerues,
And that thou art in moſt extremitie,
Néeding my helpe then take thou héed of me,
In meane while Sir, you are the onely man
That hath my heart, hath I, and great reaſon to,
Thus it befits men of déepe reach to do.
Well conſtable poule back again to Nuſe,
And not aide Engliſh Edward?
Con. What elſe man?
And kéepe thée in S. Quintins, ſo ſhall we
Smile at King Edwards weake capacitie. (Exeunt
Enter King Edward, with Burgundie, Howard, Sellenger and Scales.
K. Ed. Tell not me Burgundie, tis I am wrongd
And you haue dealt like a diſloiall Knight.
B. Edward of England, theſe are vnkingly words,
King. He that wil do (my Lord) what he ſhould not,
Muſt and ſhall heare of me what he would not,
I ſay againe you haue beluded me.
Bur. Am I not come according to my word?
K. No Charles of Burgundie, thy word was giuen
To méete with me in Aprill, now tis Auguſt,
The place appointed Calice, not Lorraine,
And thy approach to be with martiall troupes:
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine,

So much as page or lackie to attend thee,
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect:
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.

Burg. My forces lay before the cittie Nuse,
From which I could not rise, but with dishonour,
Vnlesse vpon some composition had.

K. Ed. There was no such exception in your letters,
Why smiles Lord Scales?

Scales. My man reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made,
Was meere compulsion: for the cittizens
Draue him from thence perforce.

K. Ed. I thought so much:
We should not yet haue seene your excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands.

B. Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

K. Ed. Letting that passe it shall be seen my Lord,
That we are able of our selfe to claime
Our right in France, without or your assistance,
Or any others, but the helpe of heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it, yet the constable
Prest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excused vs both if he had pleasde.

K. Ed. Accuse him not, your citties as we came,
Were euen as much to be condemnde as his,
They gaue vs leaue to lie within the field,
And scarcely would afford vs meate for money.
This was small friendship in respect of that,
You had ingagde your honour to performe.
But march we forward as we were determined,
This is S. Quintins, where you say my Lord,
The Constable is readie to receiue vs.

Bur. So much he signified to me by letter.

K. Ed. Well we shall see his entertainement: for-

As they march vpon the stage, the Lord Scales is strooke down, and two souldiours slaine outright, with great shot from the towne.

Fly to our maine battell bid them stand,
Theres treason plotted: speake to me Lord Scales,
Or if there be no power of life remaining,
To vtter thy hearts grieuance, make a signe,
Two of our common souldiers slaine beside,
This is hard welcome: but it was not you,
At whom the fatall enginer did aime,
My breast the leuell was, though you the marke,
In which conspiracie answere me Duke,
Is not thy soule as guiltie as the Earles?

Bur. Perish my soule, King Edward, if I knew
Of any such intention: yet I did, and grieue that it hath sped no otherwise.

K.Ed. Howard and Sellinger?

Burgundie steales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them?

Ho. The souldiours are both slaine outright my Lord,
But the Lord Scales a little is recouered.

K.Ed. Conuay his body to our pauillion,
And let our Surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuise for safegard of his life,
Whilst we with all extremitie of warre,
Goe plague S. Quintins: Howard fetch on our powers,
We wil not stir a foot, till we haue shewne
Just vengeance on the constable of France.
Oh Cocke, to woe vs first to passe the sea,
And at our comming thus to hault with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer séene,
But wheres the Duke?

Sel. Gone as it séemes my Lord,
Stept secretly away, as one that knew
His conscience would accuse him if he staide.

K.Ed. A

K.Ed. A paire of most dissembling hypocrites,
Is he and this base Earle, on whome I vow,
Leauing King Lewis vnprouided in peace,
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage,
Their stréetes shall sweate with their effused blood,
And this bright Sunne be darkned with the smoke,
Of smouldring cinders, when their citie lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire,
On whose pale superficies in the stead
Of parchmēt, with my launce Ile drawe these lines,
Edward of England left this memorie
In iust reuenge of hatefull trecherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord Howard haue ye done as I commanded?
How. Our battailes are disposde, and on the brow
Of euery inferiour scruiter my Lord?
You might behold destruction figured,
Grédilie thirsting to begin the fight:
But when no longer they might be restrainde,
And that the drumme and trumpet both began
To sound warres chéerefull harmonie: behold,
A flagge of truce vpon the wals was hangd,
And forth the gates did issue méekly pac't,
Three men whereof, the constable is one,
The other two the Gunner and his mate,
By whose grosse ouer-sight (as they report)
This sudden chance vnwittingly befell.
K.Ed. Bring forth the constable: the other two,
See them safe guarded till you know our pleasure,

Enter the Constable and Howard.

Now my Lord Howard, how ist with Scales?
Ho. Wel my dread Soueraigne, now his wound is dresst,
And by the opinion of the Surgeons,
Its thought he shall not perish by this hurt.
K.Ed. I am the gladder, but vnfaithfull Earle,
I doe not sée how yet I can dispense

With

With thy submission, this was not the welcome,
Your letters sent to England, promisde me.
Con. Right high & mightie Prince condemne me
That am as innocent in this offence, (not,
As anie souldier in the English armie,
The fault is in our gunners ignorance,
Who taking you for Lewis King of France,
That likewise is within the cities kenre,
Made that vnluckie shot to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your maiestie.
To knowledge which, I brought thē with my selfe,
And thirtie thousand crownes within this purse,
Sent by the Burgers to redeeme your lacke.
K, E. Constable of France, we wil not sell a drop
Of English blood, for all the gold in France:
But in so much two of our men are slaine,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with thee
Shall both be crambde into a Cannons mouth,
And so be shot into the towne againe:
It is not like but that they knew our colours,
And of set purpose did this villanie:
Nor can I be perswaded therewith,
But that our person was the mark they aimed at:
Yet are we well content to hold you excusde,
Mary our souldiers must be satisfied,
And therefore first shall be distributed,
These crowns amongst them, then you shal return,
And of your best prouision send to vs,
Thirtie waine loade, beside twelue tunne of wine,
This if the Burgers wil subscribe vnto,
Their peace is made, otherwise I wil proclaime,
Free libertie for all to take the spoyle.
Con. Your highnes shall be answered presently,
And I will see these articles performed.
K. E. Yet one thing more I will that you my lord,
Together with the Duke of Burgundie.

Do ere to morrow noone bring all your force,
And ioine with ours, or else we doe recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate.
C. Mine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may likewise be in redinesse.
K.E. Let him haue safe conduct through our army,
And gainst the morning euery leader sée,
His troupes he furnisht, for no longer time,
Locke willing shall the triall be deferred.
Exit Lewis and vs. What echoing sound is this?
Sel. A gentleman from the K. of France my lord,
Craues parlance with your excellence.
K.E. A gentleman bring him in (Lewis?
What newes a Cockes name from our brother

Enter Mugeroune.

Mu. Most puissant and most honorable King,
My royall master, Lewis the King of France,
Doth greete your highnesse with vnfained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperitie and rule,
And thus he saies by me. When was it séene,
That euer Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspirators sent ouer,
To vndermine your state, or openly,
By taking armes, with purpose to inuade?
Nay when was it, that Lewis was euer heard,
So much as to detract from Edwards name?
But still hath done him all his due of spéech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of wisedome valour and his heroicke birth:
Whence is it then that Edward is incensde,
To render hate for loue, for amitie sterne warre?
Not of himselfe we know: but by the meanes
Of some infectious councell, that like mud,
Would spoile the pure temper of his noble minde,
It is the Duke and that pernicious rebell,
Earle of S. Paul, haue set abroach these warres,

Who

Who of themselues vnable to proceede,
Would make your grace the instrument of wrong
And when you haue done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.
But if it might séeme gracious in your eye,
To cast off these despisde confederates'
Unfit companions for so great a Prince,
And ioine in league with Lewis my royall master,
Him shall you finde as willing as of power,
To doe your Grace all offices of loue:
And what commoditie may spring thereby,
To both the realmes, your Grace is wise enough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine,
Besides, much bloodshed for this present time,
Will be preuented when two such personages,
Shall mœte together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shocke of Launce and Curtelare,
That Lewis is willing, I am his substitute,
And he himselfe in person if you please,
Not farre from hence will signifie as much.

K,E. Sir withdraw and giue vs leaue awhile,
To take aduisement of our Counsellors,
What say ye lords vnto this proffered truce?

Ho. In my conceit let it not be slipt my Lord.

Sel. Wilt not be dishonour hauing landed
So great an armie in these parts of France,
And not to fight before we do returne?

Ho, How can it when the enemie submits,
And of himselfe makes tender of allegiance?

Sel. I thats the question whether he will yéeld,
And doe King Edward fealtie or no.

Ed. What talke ye lords? he shall subscribe to that
Or no condition ile accept at all.

Ho. Let him be bound my lord to pay your grace,
Toward your expences, since your comming ouer,

Seauentie fiue thousand crownes of the Sunne,
And yearely after fiftie thousand more,
During your life, with homage therewithall,
That he doth hold his royaltie from you,
And take his offer, twil not be amisse.
Ed. It shall be so, draw you the articles,
And Sellinger call forth the messenger,
Bring with thee too, a cup of massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our priuie purse,
Inclose therein a hundred English Ryals,
Friend we doe accept thy masters league,
With no lesse firme affection then he craues,
If he wil mæte vs here betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirmde by oth,
On this condition that he wil subscribe,
To certaine articles shall be proposde,
And so thou hast thy answer, to requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thee this cup.
He. Health and increase of honor wait on Edward.
E. Lord Howard bring the frenchman on his way.
E. King Lewis is one that neuer was precise:
But now Lord Howard and Tom Sellinger,
There is a taske remaines for you to doe,
And that is this, you two shall be disguisde,
And one of you repaire to Burgundie,
The other to the Constable of France,
Where you shall learne in secret if you can,
If they intend to mæte vs here to morrow,
Or how they take this our accord with France,
Some what it giues me you wil bring from thence
Worthie the noting, will you vndertake it?
Sel. With all my hart my L. I am for Burgundie.
How. And I am for the constable of France.
Exeunt.
Ed, Make spæde againe, what newes? (ally,
Mes. The King of France my Lord attended roy-

Is marching hitherward to meete your Grace.
E. He shall be welcome, hast thou drawne the ar-
Mess. Yes my dread Soueraigne. (cles?
Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,
We may receiue him with like maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Souldiers with a Drumme, they march about the stage, then enter King Lewis, and his traine, and meete with King Edward, the Kings embrace.

K. Lewis, My princely brother, wee are grieued
To think you haue bin at so great a charge (much,
And toild your royall selfe so farre from home,
Vpon the vnconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your grace and me. (ly,
K.E. Brother of France you might condemn vs right-
Not onely of great wrongs and toils sustaind,
But of exceeding folly, if incited,
We had presumd to enter these Dominions,
Vpon no other reason then the word,
And weake assistance of the Earle S. Paul,
Or Burgundies perswasion: tis our right,
That wings the bodie of composed warre,
And though we listned to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapte the course of our affaires,
As of our selues we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken staffe.
Lew. I know your maiestie had more discretion,
But this is not the occasion of our meeting,
If you be pleasde to entertaine a peace,
My Kingly brother in the sight of these,
And of the al discouering eye of heauen,
Let vs embrace, for as my life I sweare,
I tender England and your happines.
K.E. The like do I by you and warlike France:
But princely brother ere this knot be knit,

There are some few conditions to be signde,
That done I am as readie as your selfe,
K, Lew. Faire brother, let vs heare them what they be.
K, Ed. Herald repeate the articles,
Her, First it is couenãted that Lewis King of France, according to the custome of his predecessors, shall doe homage to K. Edward, King of England, as his Soueraigne and true heire to all the dominions of France.
Burb. How as his Soueraigne? that were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his Diademe,
Wil kingly Lewis stoope to such vassallage?
K, E. Burbon and if he wil not let him choose,
K, L. Brother haue patience, Burbon seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward Herald, what is else demanded?
Her. Secondly it is couenanted that Lewis King of France, shal pay vnto Edward king of England, immediatly vpon the agreement betwixt their maiesties, seauentie fiue thousand crownes of the sunne, toward the charge King Edward hath bẽn at, since his arriuall in these parts of France.
Burb, Mort dieu, Heele neither leaue him crown nor coin.
K, Lew. Burbon I say be silent, Herald reade on.
Her. Thirdly and lastly, it is couenanted, that ouer and beside those seauentie fiue thousand crownes of the sunne, now presently to be paied, Lewis King of France shal yerly hereafter, during the life of Edward King of England, pay fiftie thousand crownes more without fraude or gnile, to bee tendred at his maiesties Castle, commonly called the tower of London.
Burb. Nay bind him that he bring his Lordship a couple of Capons too euerie yeare beside.
Here is a peace indeed farre worse then warre.
K, E. Brother of France are you resolude to doe,
According as you heare the couenants drawne?
K, L. Brother of England mount your royall throne.
For subiects weale, and glorie of my God,

Lm

And to deale iustly with the world beside.
Knowing your title to be lineall,
From the great Edward of that name the third,
Your predecessor thus I do resigne,
Giuing my Crowne and Scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegman to your grace.
K,E. The same doe I deliuer backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other couenants.
K,L. Those my Lord,
Shall likewise be performde with expedition,
And euer after as you haue prescribde,
The yérely pension shall be truly paid, (God,
Her. Sweare on this booke king Lewis so help you
You meane no otherwise then you haue saide.
K,L. So helpe me Cocke as I dissemble not.
K,E. And so help he me as I entend to kéep,
Vnfained league and truce with noble France:
And kingly brother now to consumate,
This happie daie feast in our royall tent,
English and French are one, so it is meant.

Exeunt.

Enter at one dore, Burgundie chafing, with him Sellinger disguised like a souldiour; at another the Constable of France, with him Howard in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, saiest thou? ist not so?
Sel. My Lord I do assure you it is so.
Con. And thou affirmst the like? say, dost thou not?
Hovv. I doe my Lord, and that for certaintie.
Bur. I haue found it now, the villaine Constable
Hath secretly with Edward thus compact,
To ioyne our king and him in amitie,
And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands,
Such lands and Dukedomes as I aymed at,

And

And leaues me disappointed in my hope
A plague vpon such craftie cosening, (aside
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile slaue to triumph at my foyle.
Con. Tis so, for it can be no otherwise,
Burgundie hath bin priuie to this plot,
Conspirde with Lewis and the English King,
To saue his owne stake, and assure himselfe,
Of all those Seigneuries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contriude,
Now must the Constable be as a butte,
For all their bullets to be leueld at,
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundie,
For this his subtile secret villany.
Bur. Well fellow for thy paines take that,
Leaue me alone, for I am much displeasde.. to Sel.
Con. And get thee gone my friend, theres for thy paines,
So leaue me to my selfe. to Howard.
Sel, Fare ye well sir, I hope I haue pepperd ye.
How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.
Exeunt Sellin. and How.
Bur. Now Constable, this peace, this peace,
What thinke ye of it man?
Con. Nay rather what thinks Burgundie?
Bur, I thinke he that did contriue the same,
Was little lesse then a dissembling villaine.
Con. Dog bite thy selfe, come on, come on,
Haue not you plaid John for the King,
To saue your selfe Sir?
Bur. I, art thou good at that?
Adiew Sir, I may chance to hit you pat. Exit.
Con. You may sir, I perhaps may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to bore ye.
Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, King Lewis, Howard, Selger, and their traine.

K.E. So Sellinger. we then perceiue by thee
The Duke is passing angrie at our league?
Sel. I my dread Lord beyond comparison,
Like a mad dogge snatching at euerie one
That passeth by: shall I but shew you how,
And act the manner of his tragicke furie?
K. No stay a while mee thought I heard thee say,
They meane to greet vs by their messengers.
Sel. They did my Lord,
King, What And the Constable too?
How. My Soueraigne yes.
King. But how take he the newes?
How. Faith euen as discontented as might be,
But being a more depe melancholisse,
And sullener of temper then the Duke,
He chawes his malice, fumes & frothes at mouth,
Uttering but little more then what we gather
By his disturbed lokes and riueld front,
Sauing that now and then his boiling passion,
Damnd vp as in a fornace, finding vent
Breaks through his seuerd lips into short puffes,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlesse Ponke when hes at mattens.
K. Oh it was sport alone to note their cariage.
Se. Sport my Lord? wil you but heare me speake,
And if I do not wearie you with laughter,
Here trust Tom Sellenger more vpon his word,
Sound a Trumpet.
K. I pray thee peace, by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, go see,
Upon my life we shall haue some deuise,
Of new dissimulation: how now Tom?
Sel. Tis as your highnesse did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from Burgundie.
King. Excellent good, admit him presently,
And brother of France let me intreat your grace

To stand aside a little in my tent,
Least finding vs together, he refraine,
To tell the message he is sent about,
So sure I am perswaded we shall find
Some notable peece of knauerie set aſoote.
K. L. With al my hart, vrge him speak loud inough
That I my Lord may vnderstand him too. Exit.

Enter the Lord of Conte.

K. E. Feare not, I haue the method in my mind:
What it is you my Lord of Conte? welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke, in health I hope?
Co. In health (my Lord) of body, though in mind
Some what distemperd, that your grace hath ioind
In league with his professed enemie. (out,
K. E. How say you that my Lord? praie you speake
For I of late, by reason of a cold,
Am some what thicke of hearing.
Con, Thus my Lord,
Your grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answere you, he is in health of bodie,
Though inwardly in mind some what perplext,
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish Lewes hartlesse king of France.
K. E. With whom I praie you a little lowder sir.
C. With childish Lewes that hartlesse K. of france.
K. E. I now do vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly? why if hee had come
With his expected forces as he promist,
I had beene still vnexcusable of peace,
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.
Con. No my good Lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfait,
That craftie Fore the Constable of France,
Who counseld him to keepe him at his siege,
Saying it would be more dishonorable
To rise from thence, then anie waie profitable,

To méete your Maiestie, beside my Lord,
It hath béen proued since, how much the constable
Hates your procédings, by that wilfull shot,
Was made against you from S. Quintins wals,
Which though he séemd to colour with faire spéech
The truth is, they did leuel at your selfe,
And grieued when they heard you were not slaine.
K.E. May I be bold to credit your report?
Con. The Duke vpon his honour bad me say,
That it was true, and therewithall quoth he,
Tell noble Edward if he will recant,
And fall from Levves againe, knowing it is
Woze for his dignitie to be sole King,
And conquer France as did his ancestors,
Then take a fée, and so be satisfied,
That I am readie with twelue thousand soldiers
All wel appointed, and not only wil,
Deliuer him the Constable of France,
That he may punish him as he sées good,
But seat him in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe. (words
K.E. Speake that againe, I heard not your last
Con. But seat you in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.
King. I thanke his honour for his good regard,
Pleaseth you stay til we haue pausde vpon it,
And you shall haue our answere to the Duke,
Tom Sellinger receiue him to your tent,
And let him taste a cupp of Orleance wine, (newes
Now my kingly Brother, haue you heard this
K.L. So plainely my Lord, that I scarce held my
Frō stepping forth, hearing my royall name, (selfe
So much prophande and slubberd as it was,
But I do weigh the person like him selfe
From whence it came, a slie dissembler,
And spight my anger I was forst sometime,

To smile to thinke the Duke doth hang his friend,
Behinde his backe, whom to his face he smothes.
K.E. But we shall haue farre better sport anon:
Howard tels me that another messenger,
Is come in post-hast from the constable,
As you haue begun with patience heare the rest.
K.L. No more adoe, ile to my place againe,
Remember that you stil be deafe my Lord,
K.E. I warrant you. Howard cal in the messenger,
Enter the messenger from the Constable.
Mes, Health to the victorious King of England:
K,E. Tell him he must straine out his voice alowd,
For I am somewhat deafe, and cannot heare,
How, His maiestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decaide.
Mes, The worthie Earle S. Paul.
K,E. Come nére mée, (Edward,
Mes. The worthie Earle S. Paul gréets noble
And giues your grace to vnderstand by me,
That whereas Charles that painted sepulchre,
And most dissopall Duke of Burgundie,
Hath but vsurpt the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemie,
As well appeares in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but likewise was the meanes,
To hinder my Lords wel affeard dutie,
Allradging you desirde his companie
But that you might betrais him to the King,
Beside whereas it will be prooude my Lord,
That he did hire the gunner of S. Quintins,
For a large summe of money to discharge
Three seuerall péces of great ordenance,
Vpon your comming to that cursed towne,
To slaie your maiestie: in which regard
If it wil please you to reuoke from France.

And

And thinke of Burgundie as he deserues,
The Duke with expedition bad me say,
That he would put the Earle into your hands,
wherby you might reuẽge his treacherous purpose
And aide you too with twise fiue thousand men,
And seat you like a conquerour in France,
K,E. Can it seeme possible that two such friends,
So firmely knit together as they were,
Should on a suddaine now be such great foes?
M. The earle, my Lord, could neuer abide ẏ Duke
Since his last treason against your sacred person.
Before S. Quintins came to open light.
K. Was that the cause of their dissention then?
Mes. It was my lord.
K, E. Well I wil thinke vpon't,
And you shall haue our answere by and by,
Colin Howard take him aside,
But let him be kept frem the others sight.
Ho. Sir wil you walk in, my Lord wil take aduise,
And so dispatch you backe againe vnto the Earle,
K, L. Heres vying of villanie who shall haue all,
Fraude, with deceit, deceite with fraude outfacde,
I would the diuel were there to crie swope stake,
But how intends your grace to deale with them?
K, E. Faith in their kind, I am the staele you see,
Against the which their enuie being stroke,
The sparkles of hipocrisie flie forth,
Twere not amisse to quench them in their bloud.

Enter another Messenger to the King of France with letters.

Mes. My Lord heres letters to your maiestie,
One from the Duke of Burgundie, the other from the Constable,
K, L. Moze villany a thousand crowns to nothing:
K, E. Can there be moze then is alreadie broacht,

Me thinkes they haue alreadie done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to hell.
K.L. No,no,they are indifferently well loden,
But yet their fraughts, not full, see other ware,
Other prouision to prepare their waie,
The verie same (my Lord) which they pretend.
In loue to you against my life and crowne,
The same they vndertake to doe for me
Against your safetie, vrging if I please,
That they wil ioine their forces both with mine,
And in your back returne to Calice, cut the throats
Of you and all your souldiers.
K.E. Oh damnable.
But that I see it figurde in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had been nothing left,
For their pernitious braine to worke vpon.
K.L. A traitor is like, a boldfacde hipocrite,
That neuer wil be brought vnto a non plus,
So long as he hath libertie to speake.
K.E. The waie to cure them is to cut them off,
Call forth thsir messengers once more to vs,
How, Both of them my Lord?
K.E. Yes, both together
Wele see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their masters shame now to attempt.
Enter both the Messengers.
Con, What is his maiestie of France so nere?
And Mounsier Rosse the Earles secretarie?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence,
M. How comes it that I see the french king here?
I and the Lord of Countie too me thinks,
Pray God our message be not made a scorne.
K.E You told me that you came frō earle S. Paul.
Mes. I did my Lord and therein fabled not.
K.E. You told me two of manie kind indeauours,
Which he intended for our benefite?

Mes. No

Mes. No more then he is willing to performe.
K. Ed. Know you his hand writing if you see?
Mes. I doe my Lord.
K. Ed. Is this his hand or no?
Mes. I cannot say but that it is his hand.
K. Ed. How comes it then that vnderneath his hand
My death is sought, when you that are his mouth,
Tune to our eares a quite contrarie tale?
The like read you deciphred in this paper,
Concerning treacherous wauering Burgundie.
Vnlesse you grant they can deuide themselues,
And of two shapes become foure substances,
How is it I should haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly destroide?
K. Lew. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they shall conspire against my life.
K. Ed What call you this, but vile hipocrisie?
K. L. Nay peasant-like vnheard of treacherie
Con. My Lord vpbraid not me with this offence:
I do protest I knew of no such letters.
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More then before was vttered in my message.
Sel. Will you be halting two before a cripple?
Do you not remember what they were,
That first did certifie the Duke of truce,
Betwixt the renowmed Edward and the French?
Co. Yes they were two soldiers, what of that?
Sel, Those soldiers were this Gentleman and I,
Where we did heare ỹ soule mouthd Duke exclaim
Against our noble Soueraigne and this Prince,
And rorde and bellowed like a parish bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him,
His words so please my Lord I can repeat,
As he did speake them at the very time,
K. Ed. Well they are messengers, & for that cause
We are content to beare with their amisse,

But

But kéepe them safe, and let them not returne,
To carrie tales vnto those counterfeits,
Until you haue them both as fast insnarde,
To compasse which the better: brother of France,
Fiue thousand of our souldiers here we leaue,
To be imploide in seruice to that end.
The rest with vs to England shall returne. Exit.

Enter Chorus.

Ch. King Edward is returned home to England,
And Lewes King of France some afterward,
Surprized both his subtil enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence.
Now doe wee draw the curtaine of our Scene,
To speake of Shoare and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending,
You must imagine since you saw him last
Prepardc for trauaile, he hath béen abroade,
And séene the sundrie fashions of the world,
Vlysses like, his countries loue at length,
Hoping his wiues death, and to sée his friends,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
Come home is hee, but so vnluckily,
As he is like to lose his life thereby:
His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,
Gracde with your gentle sufferãce & view, Exeunt.

Enter mistris Shoare with Iocky her man, and some attendants more, and is met by sir Robert Brackenburie.

Iane Shoare. Haue ye bestowde our small beneuolence,
On the poore prisoners in the common Gaole,
Of the white Lion and the Kings bench?

Iockie. Yes forsooth?

Iane. What prisons this?

Iockie. The Marshallea forsooth.

Enter sir Robert Brackenburie.

Bra. Well met faire Ladie, in the happiest time,
And choisest place that my desire could wish,

Without

Without offence, where haue yée béene this way?

Ia. To take the aire here in Saint Georges field,
Sir Robert Brackenburie, and to visit some
Poore patients that cannot visit mee.

Bra. Are you a physition?

Iane, I a simple one.

Bra. What disease cure yée?

Iane, Faith none perfectly,
My phylicke doth but mittigate the paine
A little while and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweet mistris Shoare, I vnderstand yee not.

Iane. Maister lieutenant I beléeue you well.
Iockie. Gude faith Sir Robert brobenbelly, may maistres spéekes deftly and truly, for shee hes béene till see thoze that cannot come till see her: and theyes peatients perforce. The prisoners man in the twea prisons. And shée hes gynne tham her siller and her geere till bay tham fude.

Bra. Gramercies Iockie thou resolust my doubt.
A comfort ministring kind physition.
That once a weeke in her owne persons visits,
The prisoners and the poore in Hospitalles,
In London or neere London euerie way,
Whose purse is open to the hungry soule,
Whose pitious heart saues many a tall mans life.

Iane. Peace good sir Robert, tis not worthy praise,
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of duty doone,
For you know wel, the world doth know too well,
That all the coales of my poore charitie,
Cannot consume the scandall of my name,
What remedie? well, tel me gentle knight,
What meant your kinde salute and gentle speech,
At your first meeting, when you seemde to blesse
The time and place of our encounter héere?

Bra. Ladie there lies here prisonde in the Marthalsea,
A gentleman of good parents and good discent.
My deare neere kinsman, Captaine Harrie Stranguidge,

A tall a skilfull Nauigator tride,
As ere set foote in any ship at sea,
Whose lucke it was to take a prize of France,
As hée from Rochell was for London bound:
For which (except his pardon be obtainde,
By some especiall fauorite of the King)
Hee and his crew, a companie of proper men.
Are sure to die, because twas since the league.
Iane, Let me sée him and all his companie.
Bra. Keeper bring forth the Captaine & his crew.

Enter Keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare disguisde, and three more fettered.

Iockie. Now say oth diell, that like bonnie men
sud be hampert like pine iades, weas me for yee
gude Lads.
Bra, I Cosin Harrie, this is mistris Shoare,
Peereleese in Court, for beautie, bountie, pittie,

Iane viewes them all.

And if she cannot saue thee thou must dye.
Stran. Will sheif she can?
Bra. I Cosin Stranguidge I.
Sho. O torment worse then death to sée her face,
That causd her shame and my vniust disgrace, Sho. aside
O that our mutuall eies were Basiliske,
To kill each other at his enterview, (well?
Bra. How like ye him lady? you haue viewed him
Iane, I pittie him, and that same proper man,
That turnes his backe, ashamde of this distresse.
Sho. Ashamde of thee, cause of my heauinesse?
Iane, And all the rest, oh were the King returnde,
There might be hope, but ere his comming home,
They may be tride, condemnd, and iudgde and dead

Sh. I am condemnd by sentence of defame, aside,
O were I dead I might not see my shame.

Bra. Your credit Ladie may prolong their triall,
What iudge is he that wil giue you denial?

Ia. Ile racke my credit, and wil lanch my crowns
To saue their liues, if they haue done no murther.

Sh. O thou hast crackt my credit with a crowne, aside,
And murdred me poore Mathew Shoare aliue.

Stran. Faire Ladie we did shed no drop of bloud
Nor cast one Frenchman ouerboord, and yet,
Because the league was made before the fact
Which we poore sea-men God knows neuer heard:
We doubt our liues, yea though we should restore
Treble the value that we take and more,
Twas lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warranted in my commission.
The Kings are since combinde in amitie,
(Long may it last) and I vnwittingly
Haue take a Frenchman since the truce was tane
And if I die, via, one day I must.
And God wil pardon all my sinnes I trust,
My griefe wil be for these poore harmelesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborn the deed
Chiefely that gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who on (my soule) was but a passenger.

Ian, Well Captaine Stranguidge, were the King (at home,
I could say more.

Stran: Ladie, hees come a shore.
Last night at Douer, my boy came from thence,
And saw his highnesse land.

Iane, Then courage sirs
Ile vse my fairest meanes to saue your liues,
In the meane season spend that for my sake.
casts her purse;

Enter Lord Marquesse Dorset, and claps her on the shoulder.

Mar. By your leaue Mistris Shoare, I haue taken paines,
To find you out, come you must go with me.
Iane, Whither my Lord?
Mar. Vnto the Quéene my mother.
Ia. God my L. Marquesse Dorset wrong me not
Mar. I cannot wrong thee as thou wrongst my mother,
Ile bring thee to her, let her vse her pleasure,
Ia. Against my will I wrong her god my Lord,
Yet am ashamde to sée her maiestie.
Sweét Lord excuse me, say ye saw me not.
Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whore?
No mistris Shoare ye must goe to the Quéene.
Iane, Pull I my Lord? what will she do to me?
Vse violence on me now the Kings away?
Alas my Lord behold this showre of teares,
Which kinde King Edward would compassionate,
Bring me not to her, she will slit my nose,
Or marke my face, or spurne me vnto death.
Looke on me Lord, can ye find in your heart?
To haue me spoild that neuer thought you harme?
Or rather with your rapier run me through,
Then carrie me to the displeased Quéene.
Shoare. O hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to me
From feare and wrong had I defended thée.
Mar, I am inexorable, therefore arise,
And go with me, what rascall crue is this,
Mistris Shoares suters, such slaues make her proud
What sir Robert Brackenburie you a Shorist too?
Bra. No Shorist, but to saue my cosins life.
Mar. Then ile be hangd if he escape for this,
The rather for your meanes to mistris Shoare.
My mother can do nothing, this whore all.
Come awaie minion you shall prate no more.
Ia, Pray for me friends and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap then I expect.
Go to my lodging you, and if I perish,

Take

Take what is there in lieu of your true seruice.
Ioc. Na a maye sale ayse nere forsake my gude maistresse,
Till aye hea sene tha worst that I pight can du her.
Exeunt Marquesse, and Iane and theirs.
Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.
Bra. See cosin Stranguidg how the case is changde,
She that could helpe thee cannot helpe her selfe.
Stra. What remedie? the God of heauen helps all,
What say ye mates? our hope of life is dasht,
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euerie man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'de like men,
So like tall men together let vs die:
The best is if we dye for this offence,
Our ignorance shall plead our innocence,
Keep. Your meat is ready (Captain) you must in.
Stran. Must I? I will: cosin what wil you doe?
Bra. Visit you sone, but now I will to court
To see what shal become of Mistris Shoare.
Sran. God spéd ye well.
Keep. Come sir wil you goe in?
Sho. Ile eate no meat, giue me leaue to walk here
Am I not left alone? no, millions
Of miseries attend me euerie where:
Ah Mathew Shoare, how doth all séeing heauen,
Punish some sinne, from thy blinde conscience hid?
Inflicting paine where all thy pleasure was,
And by my wife came all these woes to passe,
She falsde her faith and brake her wedlocks band,
Her honour saine, how could my credit stand?
Yet wil not I proue Iane on thee exclaime,
Though guiltie thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame.
I left this land too little for my griefe,
Returning, am accounted as a theefe,
Who in that ship came for a passenger,

To see my friends hoping the death of her,
At sight of whome some sparkes of former loue,
(Hid in affections ashes) pittie moue,
Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
That bleeds to thinke on her insuing smart.
O see weake womens imperfections,
That leaue their husbands safe protections,
Hazarding all on strangers flatteries,
Whose lust alaid, leaues them to miseries,
See what dishonor breach of wedlocke brings,
Which is not safe euen in the armes of Kings:
Thus do I Iane lament thy present state,
Wishing my teares thy torments might abate.
Exit.

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading mistris Shoare, who fals downe on her knees before the Queene fearefull and weeping.

Qu. Now (as I am a Quéene) a goodly creature,
Son how was she attended where you found her?
Mar. Madame I found her at the Marshalsea,
Going to visit the poore prisoners,
As she came by, hauing béene to take the aire,
And there the Keeper told me, she oft deales
Such bounteous almes as seldome hath bén séene.
Qu. Now before Cock, she would make a gallant
But good sen Dorset stand aside awhile. (Quéene,
God saue your maiestie my Ladie Shoare,
Why Ladie Shoare said I? Oh blasphemie.
To wrong your title with a Ladies name,
Quéene Shoare, nay rather Empresse Shoare,
God saue your grace, your maiesty your highnes
Lord I want titles you must pardon me?
What? you knéele there King Edwards bedfellow
And I your subiect sit? fie, fie for shame.
Come take your place, & ile knéele where you doe,

I may take your place you may take mine,
God Lord that you wil so debase your selfe:
I am sure you are our sister Quéne at least,
May that you are, thē let vs sit together, (mitted,
Ia. Great Quéne, yet heare me, if my sinne com-
Haue not stopt vp all passage to your mercie,
To tel the wrongs that I haue done your highnes,
Might make reuenge exceed extremitie,
Oh had I words or tongue to vtter it,
To plead my womans weakenesse, & his strength,
That was the onely worker of my fall.
Euen innocence her selfe would blush for shame,
Once to be namde or spoken off in this,
Let them expect for mercie whose offence,
May but be called sinne, oh mine is more,
Prostrate as earth, before your highnesse féete,
Inflict what torments you shall thinke most méete.
Ma. Spurn the whore (mother) teare those enticing
That robd you of King Edwards decrest loue. (eies,
Mangle those locks, the baits to his desires,
Let me come to her, you but stand and talke,
As if reuenge consisted but in words.
Qu. Sonne stand a lose, and do not trouble me,
Alas poore soule, as much adoe haue I, aside.
To forbeare teares to kéepe her companie.
Yet once more wil I to my former humor.
Why as I am, thinke that thou wert a Quéne,
And I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,
And winne the King thy husband, as thou mine?
Would it not sting thy soule? or if that I (band:
Being a Quéne, while thou didst loue thy hus-
Should but haue done as thou hast done to me,
Would it not grieue thee? yes I warrant thee.
There's not the meanest woman that doth liue,
But if she like and loue her husband well,
She had rather feele his warme limmes in her bed

Then

Then ſée him in the armes of any Queene,
You are fleſh and blood as we, and we as you,
And all alike in our affections,
Though maieſty makes vs the more ambitious.
What tis to call into ſo great a hand,
Knowlege might teach thée, there was once a king
Henry the ſecond, who did keepe his lemman,
Cag'de vp at Woodſtocke in a Labyrinth,
His Quéene yet got a tricke to finde her out.
And how she vide her, I am ſure thou haſt heard,
Thou art not mewde vp in ſome ſecret place,
But kept in court here vnderneath my noſe,
Now in the abſence of my Lord the King,
Haue I not time moſt fitting for reuenge?
Faire Roſamond, ſhe a pure virgin was,
Until the King ſeduc'de her to his will.
She wrongd but one bed, only the angry Quéenes
But thou haſt wronged two, mine & thy huſbands,
Be thine owne iudge, and now in iuſtice ſee,
What due reuenge I ought to take on thée.

Ia. Euen what you will (great quéen) here do I lye,
Humble and proſtrate at your highneſſe féete,
Inflict on me what may reueng your wrong,
Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
Then I will doe; call all your griefes to minde,
And do euen what you wil, or how likes you,
I will not ſtirre, I will not ſhrike or crie,
Be it torture, poiſon, any puniſhment,
Was neuer Doue, or Turtle more ſubmiſſe,
Then I will be vnto your chaſtiſement.

M. Fetcht I her for this? mother let me come to (her
And what compaſſion will not ſuffer you
To do to her, referre the ſame to me.

Qu. Touch her not ſonne, vpon thy life I charge thee,
But keepe of ſtill, if thou wilt haue my loue. Exit. Ma.
I am glad to heare ye are ſo well reſolu'de,

To beare the burthen of my iust displeasure.
She drawes forth a knife, and making as though she meant to spoyle her face, runs to her, & falling on her knees, embraces and kisses her, casting away the knife.

Thus then Ile doe, alas poore soule,
Shall I weepe with thee? in faith poore heart I wil,
Be of good comfort, thou shalt haue no harme,
But if that kisses haue the powre to kil thee,
Thus, thus, and thus a thousand times ile stab thee.
Iane I forgiue thee: what fort is so strong,
But with besieging he will batter it?
Weepe not (sweet Iane) alas I know thy fere,
Toucht with the selfsame weakenes that thou art,
And if my state had beene as meane as thine,
And such a beautie to allure his eye, (strength)
(Though I may promise much to mine owne
What might haue hapt to mee, I cannot tell.
Nay feare not, for I speake it with my heart,
And in thy sorrow truly beare a part.

Ian. Most high & mightie Queene, may I beleeue
There can be found such mercie in a woman,
And in a Queene, more then in a wife,
So deeply wronged as I haue wronged you?
In this bright christal mirror of your mercie,
I see the greatnesse of my sinne the more,
And makes my fault more odious in mine eyes,
Your princely pittie now doth wound me more,
Then all your threatnings euer did before.

Q. Rise my sweet Iane, I say thou shalt not kneele
Oh God forbid that Edwards Queene should hate
Her, whom she knowes he doth so dearely loue,
My loue to her, may purchase me his loue.
Iane, speake well vnto the king of me and mine,
Remember not my sonnes ore-hastie speech,
Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

I know thou maiest do much with my deere Lord,
Speake well of vs to him in any sale,
And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.
Iane. All I can do is all to little too,
But to requite the least part of this grace,
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this breast,
Shall in your seruite onely be expressed.

Enter king Edward angerly, his Lords following, and sir Robert Brackenburie.

King. What is my Iane with her? it is to true,
See where she hath her downe vpon her knees.
why how now Belle? what, wil ye wrong my Iane?
Come hither loue, what hath she done to thee?

Iane fals on her Knees to the King.

Ia. Oh royall Edward, loue, loue, thy beauteous Queene
The onely perfect myrrour of her kind,
For all the chopsest vertues can be nam'de.
Oh let not my bewitching lookes withdraw
Your deare affections from your deerer Queene,
But to requite the grace that she hath showne,
To me the worthlesse creature on this earth,
To banish me the Court immediately,
Great King let me but beg one boone of thee,
That Shoares wife here do her more iniurie
As Iane kneeles on one side the king, so the Queen steps and kneeles on the other.

Qu. Nay then ile beg against her for all Edward,
Loue thy Iane still, nay more if more may be, kissing her.
And this is all the harme that at my hands
She shall indure for it. Oh where my Edward loues,
It ill becomes his Queene to grudge thereat.
King. Sayest thou me so Belle, on my kingly word,
Edward will thanke thee hereafter for this:
But trust me Belle, I greatly was afraid,
I should not finde ye in so good a tune.

How

How now, what would our Constable of the towre
Bra. The Quéene & M. Shoare do know my sute.
Qu. It is for Stranguidge and his men at sea,
Edward néeds must you pardon them.
King, Haue not I vowed the contrarie alreadie?
Dishonour me when I haue made a league?
My word is past, and they shall suffer death,
Or neuer more let me sée France againe.
Ia. Why there is one was but a passenger.
Shall hee die too?
King, Passe me no passage Iane, were he in company, he dies for company.
Qu. God Iane intreat for them.
Ian, Come Edward, I must not take this answer,
Néeds must I haue some grace for Stranguidge.
King. Why Iane, haue I not denide my Quéene?
Yet what is Iane I would denie to thee?
I pre thee Brackenburie bee not thou displeasde,
My word is past, not one of them shall liue,
One go and sée them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, and Shaw.

Glost. I cannot sée this prophecie you speake of,
Should anie waie so much displease the King,
And yet I promise ye good brother Clarence,
Tis such a letter as concernes vs both,
That G. should put away King Edwards children,
And sit vpon his throne? that G. should? well.
Cla, God blesse the king, & those two swéet young
Glo, Amen good brother Clarence: (Princes,
Shaw. Amen. (him.
Glo. And send them all to heauen shortly I beséech
Cla. The kings much troubled in his sickenes with
Glo, I promise you he is, and verie much, (it.
But Doctor Shaw, who prophesied that G. should

bée so sadly ominous to vs?

Shaw. My Lord of Gloucester, I receiude the same
From old Frier Anselme of S. Bartholmewes.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of very many things,
I promise you it troubles me,
I hope in me his prophesie is true. aside

Cla. And so it does me, I tell you brother Gloucester.

Glo. I am sure it does, for loke you brother Clarence,
We know not how his Highnes will applie it,
We are but two, your selfe my Lord and I,
Should the yong Princes faile, which God defend.

Cla. Which God defend.

D. Shaw. Which God defend.

Glo. aside. But they should be cut off: Amen, Amen:
You brother first, and should your issue faile,
Nore I am next, the youngest of the three.
But how farre I am from a thought of that,
Heauen witnesse with me, that I wish you dead. aside.

Cla. Brother I durst be sworne.

Glo. God blesse you al, and take you to him if it be his wil.
Now brother, this prophesie of G. trobling the King,
He may as well applie it vnto Gloucester,
My Dukedomes name, if he be icalious,
As vnto George your name, good brother Clarence,
God helpe, God helpe: faith it troubles me,
You would not thinke how: aside. that any of you liue.

Cla. It cannot chuse: how innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts
Vnto his Highnes, and those swéete yong Princes,
God be my record,

Glo. Who you, I, I durst answer for you,
That I shall cut you off ere it be long. aside.
But reuerend Doctor, you can onely tell,
Being his Highnes Confessor, how he takes it. aside to
Shaw, you know my minde, a villaine like my selfe. Shaw.

Shaw, My Lord of Clarence, I must tell your Lordship
His Highnes is much troubled in his sickness
With this same prophecie of G. Who is this G?
Oft times he wil demaund, then wil he sigh,
And name his brother George, your selfe my Lord,
And then he strikes his breast, I promise you,
This morning in th'extreamst of his fitte,
He lay so stil, we all thought he had slept,
When suddenly, George is the G. quoth he,
And gaue a groane, and turnde his face away.

Cla. God be my witnesse, witnesse with my soule,
My iust and vpright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to be transparent,
And my thoughts written in great letters there,
The World might reade the secrets of my soule.

Glo. Ah brother Clarence, when you are suspected
Well, wel it is a wicked world the while:
But shal I tell you brother in plaine tearmes,
I feare, your selfe and I haue enemies,
About the King, God pardon them,
The world was neuer worser to be trusted:
Ah brother George, where is that loue that was?
Ah it is banisht brother from the world:
Ah Conscience, Conscience, and true brotherhood,
Tis gone, tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your louing brother, your owne selfe,
And loue you as my soule, vse me in what you
And you shall see Ile do a brothers part, (please,
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it be long, aside
I am a true stampt villaine as euer liude.

Cla. I know you will, then brother I beseech you,
Pleade you mine innocence vnto the King,
And in meane time to tell my loyaltie,
Ile kepe within my house at Bainards Castle,
Untill I heare how my dread Soueraigne takes it.

Glo, So so good brother.
Cla. Farewel good brother Gloster.
Glo, My teares will scarcely let me take my leaue,
I loue you so: Farewel sweet George. Exit Cla.
So, is he gone? now Shaw tis in thy power,
To bind me to thee euerlastingly,
And there is not one step that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sit in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the King, now bëing as thou art,
So nëere about him, and his confessor,
That this G. onely is George Duke of Clarence,
Doctor thou nëedst not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching braine, a nimble spirit,
Able to master anie mans affections.
Effect it Shaw, and bring it to passe once,
Ile make thee the greatest Shaw that euer was.
Sha. My Lord I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Marshalsea, to Stranguidge,
For pyracie of late condemnd to dye,
There to confesse him and his companie,
That done, ile come with spëed backe to the King,
And make no doubt but ile effect the thing.
Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.
Sha, Farewel my Lord of Gloster. Exit.
Glo, Let me awake my sleeping wits a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimst at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
Ile climbe by degrees, through many a heart.
Exit.

Enter Brackenburie with Vaux the Keeper.

Bra, Why maket Vaux is there no remedie?

But instantly they must be led to death?
Can it not be deferd til after noone,
Or but two howres, in hope to get repriue?
K. Maister Lieuetenant, tis in vaine to speake,
The Kings incensde, and will not pardon them,
The men are patient, and resolude to die,
The Captaine and that other gentlemen,
Haue cast the dice whether shall suffer first.
Bra, How fel the Lot, to Stranguidge or to him?
Kee, The guiltlesse passenger must first goe too,
Bra, They are all guiltlesse from intent of il.
Kee, And yet must dye for doing of the deede,
Besides the Duke of Exeter found dead,
And naked floating vp and downe the sea,
Twixt Calice and our coast, is laide to them,
That they should rob and cast him ouerbord.
Bra, My soule be pawne, they neuer knew of it.
Kee, Wel bring them forth.
Bra, Stay them yet but an howre.
Kee, I dare not doe it sir Robert Brackenburie,
You are Lieuetenant of the towre your selfe,
And know the peril of protracting time,
Moreouer heeres that picke thanke Doctor Shaw,
The Duke of Glosters spaniel shuning them,
Come bring them forth.
Bra, Poore Stranguidge must thou die?

Enter one bearing a siluer oare before Stranguidge, Shoare, and two or three more pinionde, and two or three with bils and a hangman.

Bra, stil. I dare not say good morrow, but I say,
That Harrie Stranguidge is thus cast away.
Stran. God Cosin Brackenbury be as wel content
To see me dye as I to suffer death,
Be witnesse that I die an honest man,

Wessels

Because my fact proues ill through ignorance,
And for the Duke of Exceter his death,
So spéd my soule as I am innocent.
Here goes my griefe, this guiltlesse gentleman,
Like Æsops storke that dies for companie
And came (God knowes) but as a passenger.
Ah Maister Flud, a thousand flouds of woe
Wre flow my soule that thou must perish so.

Sho. God Captaine let no perturbation,
Hinder our passage to a better world,
This last breaths blast wil waft our weary soules,
Ouer death gulfe, to heauens most happy port,
There is a little battaile to be fought.

This while the hangman prepares, Shoare at this speech mounts vp the ladder.

Wherein by lot the leading must be mine.
Second me Captaine, and this bitter breakfast,
Shal bring a swéter supper with the Saints.

D,S. This Christian patience at the point of death
Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,
How euer heauen hath laide this crosse on him,
Well Mathew Flud for so thou calst thy selfe,
Finish a good course as thou hast begun,
And clére thy conscience by confession,
what knowst thou of the Duke of Exceters death?

Sho. So God respect the waygate of my soule, as I know nothing.

D.S. Then concerning this for which thou diest,
knew Stranguidge of the league betwixt the Kings
before he take that prize?

Sho. No in my conscience.

Do. S. Stranguidge what say you?
You sée theres but a turne betwixt your liues,
You must be nert, confesse and saue your soule,

Concer-

Concerning that wherein I questionde him:
I am your ghostly father to absolue
You of your sinnes, if you confesse the truth.
Stran. True M. Shaw, and as I hope for heauen,
In that great day when we shall all appeare,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
Nor of the league, til I had tane the prize.
Neither was Fludd, (that innocent dying man)
Euer with me but as a passenger.
D.S. More happie he, wel Flud forgiue the world,
As thou wilt haue forgiuenesse from the heauens.
Sho. So I doe, and pray the world forgiue,
What wrong I did whilst I therein did liue,
And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leaue me priuate for a little space,
To meditate vpon my parting hence.
D.S. Do gentle Flud and we wil pray for thee.
Sho. Pray not for Flud but pray for Mat. Shoare,
For Shoare couered with the cloak of Flud, aside
If I haue sinnde in changing of my name,
Forgiue me God, twas done to hide my shame,
And I forgiue the world, King Edward first,
That wrackt my state, by winning of my wife,
And though he would not pardon trespasse small,
In these, in me God knowes no fault at all,
I pardon him though guiltie of my fall.
Perhaps he would, if he had knowne twas I,
But twentie deaths I rather wish to dye,
Than liue beholding for one minutes breath
To him, that liuing, wounded me with death.
Death of my ioy, and hell of my defame,
Which now shall die vnder this borrowed name.
Iane, God forgiue thee, euen as I forgiue,
And pray thou maist repent whilst thou dost liue,
I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,
As to embrace thee on our marriage night,

To die vnknown thus, is my greateſt good. (Floud.
That Mathew Shoares not hanged, but Mathew
For floods of woe haue waſht away the ſhore
That neuer wife nor kinne ſhall looke on more:
Now when ye will I am preparde to goe.

Enter Iockie running and crying.

Iockie, Hawd, hawd, faye for ſpæde, vntaye, vntruſſe, pull down, pul off, God ſaue the King: off with the helters, hence with the priſoners, a pardon, a pardon.

Bra. God newes vnlokt for, welcome gentle friend, who brings the pardon?

Iockie, Stay firſt lat ma blaw: my maſtres, maſtres Shoare ſhoe brings tha pardoune, tha kings pardoune: off with thoſe bands, beſtow them o tha hangman, may maſtres made mee runne the neereſt way ore tha fields, she rayds a pace the hee way, shees at hand bay this: ſirra ye that preech, come down, let Docto Shaw heapaur place, hees tha better ſcholler, maſtres Shoare brings a new leſſon for you.

Shoare. O I had read my lateſt leſſon well.
Had he bene readie to haue ſaid, Amen.

point to the hangman.

Now ſhall I liue to ſee my ſhame agen.

Shoare comes downe.

O had I dide vnwitting to my wife,
Rather then ſee her, though ſhe bring me life.

Enter Iane in haſte, in her riding cloake and ſauegard with a pardon in her hand.

Iane, Alas I ſee that euen my ſmalleſt ſtay.
Had loſt my labour, and caſt them awaie,
God knowes I haſted all that ere I might.
Here maſter Vaux, King Edward greets ye well,

His gracious pardon frees this gentleman,
And all his companie from shamefull death.
All. God saue the King, & God blesse M. Shoare.
Ioc. Amen, & kéep these frea cõming here any mar
Ia. You must discharge them paying of their fees
Which for I feare their store is very small,
I wil defray, hold, here, take purse & all,
May maistr Vaux tis gold, if not enough,
Send to me, I wil pay you royally.
Stran. Ladie, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yéeld my selfe your slaue.
Command their seruice and command my life.
Ia, No Captain Stranguidge, let ỹ King command
Your liues and seruice, who hath giuen you life,
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.
D. Sh. Pittie that ere awrie she trode her shoe.
Sh. Had that cõscience prickt when loue prouokt.
Bra. Ladie the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion for my cosins life,
I render thanks, yet thanks is but a breath,
Command (Madame) during life,
Old Brackenburie bowes for you to stand,
Whil, st I haue limmes or anie foote of land.
Sho. Thus is her glory builded on the sand.
Iane, Thankes good M. Lieutenant of the towre.
Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here? to Ioc.
Pray ye commend me to my noble friend
The Duke of Clarence now your prisoner,
Bid him not doubt the Kings displeasures past
I hope to gaine him fauour and release.
Br. God grant ye may, hees a noble gentleman.
D, Sh. My patrone Gloster wil crosse it if he can.

Enter a Messenger

Nu. Wheres mistris Shoare? Lady I come in post,
The King hath had a verie dangerous fit

Since you came from him, twice his maiestie,
Hath swounded, and with much a doe reuiu'de,
And stil as breath wil giue him leaue to speake,
He cals for you: the Queene and all the Lords
Haue sent to séeke ye, hast vnto his Grace,
Or else I feare youle neuer sée his face.
Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the king,
More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
Then those were swéet I brought to you but late:
If Edward die, confounded is my state,
I'le hast vnto him and wil spend my bloud,
To saue his life or do him anie good.

Exeunt she and the Messenger.

Sh. And so would I for thee hadst thou béene true:
But if I die, bid all thy pompe adiew.
Bra. Beleeue me but I doe not like these newes,
Of the Kings dangerous sicknesse,
Keeper, No nor I,
Captaine, and maister Fludde, and all the rest,
I doe reioice your pardon was obtainde,
Before these newes, these inauspicious newes,
If the King dye, the state wil soone be changde,
M. Lieutenant, youle goe to the Tower:
Ile take my leaue, gallants God buoye all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

St. God buoy M. Vaux, I wus ye ha lost good guests
Bra. You shal be my guest for a night or two,
Cosin, till your owne lodging be preparde,
But tell me sir what meanes hath M. Fludde.
Stran. I cannot tell, ile aske him if you will.
Bra. Do so, and if his fortunes be debasde,
Ile entertaine him if héele dwell with me,
On good condition.
Stran. M. Mathew Fludde,
Heare ye my Cosin Brackenburies mind?
He hath conceiude such liking of your parts,

That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heele entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To waite on him, and put ye in great trust.
Sho In what I vndertake I will be iust,
And hold me happy, if my diligence
May please so worthy a Gentleman as he,
What ere my fortunes haue bene, they are nowe,
Such as to seruice make their maister bow.
Bra. No Fludde more like a friend & fellow mate,
I meane to vse thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.
Sh. I thanke ye sir, God grant I may deserue it.
Bra. Cosin and all your crue come home with me,
Where after sorrow we may merrie be.
Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good news & bad & vse the best,
God blesse the king, a worse may wear the crown
And then Iane Shoare thy credit will come downe,
For though ile neuer bed nor bord with thee,
Yet thy destruction with I not to see,
Because I lou'de thee when thou wast my wife,
Not for now sauing my disdained life,
Which lasts to long, God graunt vs both to mend,
Well I must in my seruice to attend. Exit.

The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the stage.

Sha. Wel met my good Lord Louell.
Lo. Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?
Sh. Why to the Tower, to shriue the Duke of
Who as I heare is falne so grieuous sicke, (Clarence,
As it is thought he can by no meanes scape.
Lo. Ye neither can nor shall I warrant thee:
Sh. I hope my Lord he is not dead alreadie:
Lo. But I hope sir he is, I am sure I saw him dead,

Of a Flies death, drowned in a butte of Malmesey.
Sha. Drownd in a butte of Malmesey: that is strange,
Doubtlesse he never would misdoe himselfe:
Lo. No, that thou knowest right well, he had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of Glosters,
As smothly as thou seekst to cover it.
Sha. Oh sowle words my Lord, no more of that,
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare:
Doth not your honour seeke promotion:
Oh giue the Doctor then a little leave,
So that he gaine preferment with a King, (wring.
Cares not who goes to wracke, whose heart doth
Lo. A King: what King:
Sh. Why Richard man: who else: good Lord I see,
Wise men sometimes haue weake capacitie.
Lo. Why is not Edward liuing: and if he were not,
Hath he not children: what shall become of them:
Sh. Why man, liuing for beds, a knife, or so,
What make a boy a King and a man by,
Richard, a man for vs: fie that were a shame.
Lo. Nay then I see if Edward were deceast,
Which way the game would go.
Sha. What else my Lord:
That way the current of our fortune runnes,
By noble Richard gallant royall Richard,
He is the man must onely doe vs good,
So I haue honour, let me swimme through blood.
My Lord, be but at Pauls crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it heare shall soundly proue,
King Edwards children not legitimate.
Nay, and that for Edward ruling now,
And George the Duke of Clarence so late dead:
Their mother hapt to tread the shoe awry,
Lo. Why what is Richard then:
Sha. Tut, lawfull man, he saies it so himselfe.
And what he saies ile be so bold to sweare,

Though

Though in my soule I know it otherwise,
Beware promotion while you liue my Lord.

Enter Catesbie.

Ca. A staff, a staffe, a thousand crownes for a staff.
Lo. What staffe sir William Catesbie?
Ca. Why man a white staffe for my L. protector.
Lo. Why is King Edward dead?
Ca. Dead Louell, dead, & Richard our good Lord
Is made Protector of the sweete young Prince.
Oh for a staffe, where might I haue a staffe,
That I might first present it to his hand?
Sh. Now do I smell two Bishopricks at least,
My sermon shall be pepperd sound for this.

Enter mistris Shoare weeping, Iockie following.

Ca. Why how now mistris Shoare? what, put finger in the eie?
Nay then I see you haue some cause to crie.
Lo. I blame her not, her chiefest stay is gone,
The onely staffe, she had to leane vpon,
I see by her these tidings are too true
Ia. I my Lord Louell, they are too true indeed,
Royall King Edward now hath breath'd his last,
The Queene turnd out, and euery friend put by,
None now admitted, but whom Richard please.
Lo. Why doubtlesse Richard wil be kind to you.
Ia. Ah my Lord Louell, God blesse me from his kindnes:
No sooner was the white staffe in his hand,
But finding me and the right woful Queene,
Sadly be moning such a mightie lolle:
Here is no place quoth he, you must be gone,
We haue other matters now to thinke vpon.
For you, (quoth he to me) ant bit his lip,
And stroke me with his staffe, but said no more.

Whereby

Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.
Cat. Well mistris Shoare, its like to be a busie time,
Shift for your selfe, come lads let vs be gone,
Royall King Richard must be waite vpon.
Sh. Well mistris Shoare, if you haue need of me,
You shall commaund me to the vttermost.
Exeunt.

Ia. First let me die ere I do put my trust,
In any fliering Spaniel of you all.
Go Iockie, take downe all my hangings,
And quickly sée my trunks be conuayde forth,
To mistres Blages, an Inne in Lombardstreete,
The Flower de Luce, good Iock, make some spéd,
She, she must be my refuge in this néd.
Sée it done quickly Iockie. Exit.

Iockie. Whickly quoth a: marrie heres a whicke chaing indéd, like whicke change did I nere sée before. Now dreame I, that ile be a verie pure fellow, and hardly ha anie siller to drinke with a gude fellow. But what stand I tatling heere. I must goe do my maistres bidding, carrie all her stuffe and géere to mistres Blages, at the Flower de luce in Lombardstréet, whicke then dispatch.
Exit

Enter Brackenburie, and Floud, to them the two young princes, Edward and Richard, Gloster, Catef, Louell and Tirill.

Bra. Come hither Floud let me heare thy opinion,
Thou knowest I build vpon thy confidence,
And honest dealing in thy greatest affaires:
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloster I meane, Protector of the land,
Who giues in charge the Tower be preparde,
This night to entertaine the two young princes,
It is my dutie to obey I know,

But

But manifold ſuſpicions troubles me.

Flo. Yet is their vncle ſir, and in that ſence,
Nature ſhould warrant their ſecuritie,
Next his deceaſed brother at his death,
To Richards care committed both the realme,
And their protection: where humanitie
Stands as an Orator to plead againſt
All wrong ſuggeſtion of vnciuil thoughts:
Beſide you are Lieutenant of the Tower,
Say there ſhould be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authoritie
Pries into euerie corner of the houſe,
And what can thē be done without your knowledge?

Br. Thou ſayſt true Floud, though Rich. be protec-
When once they are within the Tower limits (tor,
The charge of them (vnleſſe he derogate)
From this my office, which was neuer ſcene,
In any Kings time; doth belong to me:
And ere that Brackenburie will conſent,
Or ſuffer wrong be done vnto theſe babes,
His ſword, & all the ſtrength within the towre
Shall be oppoſde againſt the proudeſt commer,
Be it to my ſoule as I entend to them.

Fl. And faith in me vnto this common wealth,
And truth to men hath hitherto beene ſeene,
The Pylot that hath guided my liues courſe,
Though twas my fortune to be wrongd in both:
And therefore ſir neither the mightieſt frowne,
Nor any bribes ſhall winne me otherwiſe,

Bra. Tis wel reſolu'd, ſtil me thinks they ſhould
Be ſafe enough with vs, and yet I feare,
But now no more, it ſeemes they are at hand.

Pr, Ed. Vncle what gentleman is that? Enter,

Gl. It is (ſweet Prince (Lieutenant of the towre.

Pr, Ed, Sir we are come to be your gueſts to night:
I pray you tel me did you euer know,

Our father Edward lodgde within this place?
Bra, Neuer to lodge (my liege) but oftentimes,
On other occasions I haue scene him here.
Ri. Brother last night when you did send for me
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marueld that my vncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a Kings receipt,
Within this Cittie, had appointed none,
Where you might kéep your Court but only here.
Gl. Vile brats, how they do descant on the Towre.
My gentle Nephew they were wel aduisde.
To tutor you with such vnfitting tearmes,
(Who ere they were) against this roiall mansion:
What if some part of it hath bén restrain'd,
To be a prison for nobilitie?
Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To anie other vse? Cæsar himselfe
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many Kings since him, the roomes are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.
Pr, Ed. Uncle of Gloster, if you thinke it so,
Tis not for me to contradict your wil,
We must allow it, and are wel content.
Glo. On then a Gods name.
Pr, Ed. Yet before we goe,
One question more with you M. Lieutenant,
We like you wel, and but we do perceiue,
More comfort in your looks, then in these walles,
For all our Uncle Glosters friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauie ful as lead,
I pray you tell me, at which dore or gate
Was it my Uncle Clarence did goe in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Bra, At this my liedge: why sighs your maiestie?

Pr,Ed He went in here that nere came back again,
But as God hath decréd so let it be,
Come brother shall we goe?
Rich. Yes brother ante where with you. Exeunt.

Tirill puls Catesbie by the sleeue.

Tir. Sir were it best I did attend the Duke,
Or stay his leisure til his backe returne?
Cat, I pray master Tirill stay without,
It is not good you should be séene by day
Within the Towre, especially at this time,
Ile tel his honour of your beeing here,
And you shal know his pleasure presently.
Tir. Euen so sir: men would be glad by any means,
To raise themselues that haue béene ouerthrowne,
By fortunes scorne, and I am one of them.
Enter Duke of Glocester
Here comes the Duke.
Glo, Catesbie, is this the man?
Cat. It is ist like your excellencie.
Glo, Come nére.
Thy name I heare is Tirill, is it not?
Tir, Iames Tirill is my name my gracious Lord.
Gl. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast bin
In better state then now it séemes thou art.
Tir. I haue bin by my fey my Lord, though now
And clouded ouer with aduersitie. (depréss
Glo, Be rulde by me, & then thou shalt rise againe,
And proue more happie then thou euer wast,
There is but onely two degrees by which
It shall be needful for thee to ascend,
And that is faith and taciturnitie.
Tir. If euer I proone false vnto your grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions,
Glo, But canst thou be secret?

Tirill. Trie me my Lord:
This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.
Glo. Thy countenance hath like a siluer key,
Opend the closet of my heart, read there,
If scholler like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordainde to serue my turne.
Tir. So farre as my capacitie wil reach,
The sense my Lord is this, this night you say,
The two young Princes both must suffer death
Gl. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou do it, speak.
Tirill. It shall be done:
Glo. Inough, come follow me,
For thy direction and for gold to spẽ,
Such as must ayde thée in their Tragedie.
Enter mistris Blage and Iockie loden.
Bla. Welcome good Iockie, what good newes bring you?
Iockie Marry mastres my gode maistres greets ye mastres and praies ye mastres till night vppe her Chamber, for sheel lig wee ye to night mastres. And heres her catte skinne till she come. Enter Iane.
Iane. Why how now lagterer, make ye no more hast?
When will my trunkes and all my stuffe be brought,
If you tous loyter, go, make hast withall.
Iokie Marie sall aye, gynne péele be bud petient a while.
Exit.
Ia, Now gentle Mistris Blage the onely friend,
That fortune leanes me to relie vpon.
My counsels closet and my towre of strength,
To whom for safetie I retire my selfe,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
Smile on me, and giue me gentle lookes,
If I be welcome, then with chéereful heart,
And willing hand shew me true signes thereof.
Bl. Doubt ye of welcome ladie to your friend?
Nay to your seruant, to your beadswoman,
To speake but truth, your bounties bondwoman:

We

Vse me, command me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue (swéet ladie) at your will.
Iane. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The case is altred now the King is dead,
And with his life my fauouring friends are fled,
No Madam now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poore Iane Shoare,
Bla. I loude you then, and since, and euer shall.
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall,
You when my husbands lewde transgression
Of all our welth had lost possession.
By forfaiture into his highnes hands,
Got restitution for our goods and lands,
He fled, and died in France, to heale that harme,
You helpte me to three mannors in fée farme,
The worst of which cléers three score pound a yéere,
Haue I not reason then to hold ye déere?
Yes happe what will vntil my life do end,
You are and shall be my best beloued friend.
Iane. How if misfortune my folly do succeed.
Bla. Trust me true friends bide touch in time of neede.
Ia. If want consume the wealth I had before.
Bl. My wealth is yours, & you shall spend my store.
Ia. But the Protector proserutes his hate.
Bl. With me liue secret from the worlds debate.
Ia. You wil be wearie of so bad a guest.
Bl. Then let me neuer on the earth be blest.
Ia. Ah mistris Blage you tender me such loue,
As all my sorrowes from my soule remoue,
And though my portion be not verie large,
Yet come I not to you to be a charge,
Coyne, plate, and iewels prized at lowest rate,
I bring with me to maintaine my estate,
Worth twentie thousand pound and my araie,
If you surmise to see my dying daie.
From you no pennie will I giue away.

Blage.

Blage. And I thanke you that so my wealth increast,
Am worth I trow, tenne thousand pounds at least,
I thinke like two warme widowes we may liue,
Untill good fortune two good husbands giue,
For surely mistris Shoare your husbandes dead,
When heard yee of him?
Iane. Neuer since he fledde.
O mistris Blage, now put you in my head
That kills my heart, why should I breath this ayre,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?
Oh were he here with me to lead his life,
Although he neuer vsde mee as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurne me with his foote,
Yet should I thinke with him that life were sweete,
Bla. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue beene kist and cokerd by a king.
Weepe not, you hurt your self by gods blest mother,
Your husbands dead woman, thinke vpon another,
Let vs in to supper, drinke wine, cheere your heart,
And whilst I liue, be sure ile take your part.

Exit.

Enter Brackenburie, Shoare, Dighton, Forrest, Tirill.

Tir. Sir I assure you tis my Lord Protectors warrant.
Bra. My friend, I haue conferd it with his letters,
And tis his hand indeed, ile not denie,
But blame me not although I be precise,
In matters that so neerely do concerne me.
Digh. My Lord Protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps,
He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.
Bra. I thinke sir there's no subiect now in England,
Will vrge his Grace, to shew what he dare do,
Nor will I aske him why he does it,
I would I might, to ridde me of my doubt. aside.
For. Why sir I thinke he needs no president,

For

For what he does I thinke his power is absolute inough.
Bra, I haue no power sir to examine it.
Nor will I do: obey your warrant,
Which I will keepe for my securitie.
Tir. You shall do wel in that sir,
Bra, Heres the keies.
Sho. And yet I could wish my Lord Protector,
Had sent his warrãt thither by some other, aside.
I doe not like their lookes I tell you true.
Bra. Nor I Flud I assure thée.
For. What doth that slaue mutter to his maister?
Digh. I heare him say hee does not like our lookes?
Tir. Why not our lookes sir?
For. Sirra we heare you.
Sho, I am glad you doe sir? all is one for that,
But if you did not hearken better now,
I neuer saw thrée faces in whole lookes,
Did euer sit more terror: or more death
God blesse the Princes if it bee his will,
I do not like these villaines.
Digh. Zounds stab the villane, sirra do you braue vs?
Sh. I thats your comming, for you come to stab.
Forrest. Stab him.
Shoare. Nay then ile stab with thée.
Tirill. Zblood cut his throat.
Bracken. Hold Gentlemen I pray you.
Shoare. Sir I am hurt, stabd in the arme.
Braken. This is not to be iustified my friends, I
To draw your weapons here within the Towre,
And by the law it is no lesse then death,
I cannot thinke the Duke will like of this,
I pray yee be content, too much is done.
Tir. He might haue held his peace then, and béene quiet
Farewell, farewell.
Shoare. Hell and damnation follow murtherers.
Bra. Goe Flud get thee some surgeon to looke to thy wound,

Hast

Hall no acquaintance with some skilfull surgeon:
Keepe thy wound close, and let it not take aire.
And for my owne part, I will not stay here.
Whither wilt thou go that I may send to thée?
Sho. To one mistris Blages, an Inne in Gracious stréte,
There you shal find me, or shal heare of me.
Bra. Sweéte Princely babes, farewell I feare you
I doubt these eies shall neuer sée you more.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward & Richard in their gownes and cappes vnbuttond, and vntrust.

Richard. How does your Lordshippe?
Edward. Well god brother Richard, how does your selfe? You told me your head ake.
Richard. Indéed it does, my Lord féele with your hande how hot it is.

He laies his hand on his brothers head.

Edward. Indéed you haue caught cold,
With sitting peeter night to heare me read,
I pray thee go to bed, sweét Dick, poore little heart.
Richard. Youle giue me leaue to wait vpon your Lordship.
Edward. I had more néed brother to wait on you:
For you are sicke, and so am not I.
Richard. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our graue:
Edward. I pray thee do not speake of graues sweét heart,
Indéed thou frightest me.
Ri. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we went vnto our bed,
We still should thinke we went vnto our graue.
Ed. Yes thats true, ỹ we should doe as euery christian ought,
To bée prepared to die at euery howre, but I am heauie.
Richard. Indéed and so am I.
Edward. Then let vs say our prayers and go to bed.

They

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within, the musicke ceaseth and they rise.

Richard. What, blades your Graces?

Edward. I two drops and no more.

Richard. God blesse vs both, and I desire no more.

Edward. Brother see here what Dauid saies, and so say I, Lord in thee will I trust although I die.

As the young Princes go out, enter Tirill.

Tirill. To lay ye downe, but never more to rise,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world,
The verie senceleſſe stones here in the walles,
Breake out in teares but to behold the fact,
Me thinkes the bodies lying dead in graues,
Should rise and crie against vs O harke, harke, Anoyse
The Mandrakes shrecks are musicke to their cries, within
The verie night is frighted, and the starres,
Do drop like torches, to behold this deed:
The verie center of the earth doth shake,
Me thinks the Towre should rent downe from the toppe,
To let the heauen looke on this monstrous deede.

Enter at the one doore Dighton, with Edward vnder his arme, at the other doore, Forrest with Richard.

Digh. Stand further damned rogue, & come not nere me.

Fo. Nay stand thou further villaine, stand aside.

Digh, Are we not both damned for this cursed deed?

Fo. Thou art the witnesse that thou bearst the King.

Digh. And what bearst thou?

Fo. It is true true, oh I am damnde indeede,
He lookes downe on the boy vnder his arme.

Tirill. I am as deepe as you although my hand
Did not the deede.

Digh. O villaine, art thou there?

Fo. A plaunge light on thee.

Ti. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.

They lay them downe.

The Priest here in the towre will burie them,
Let vs awaie.

Enter M. Blage & her two mē, bringing in Shoar alias Flond, in a chaire, his arme bleeding a pace.

Bla. So, set him here a while where is more aire,
How cheere you sir, alacke he doth begin
To change his colour, where is mistris Shoare?
Gone to her closet for a precious balme,
The same (she sayd) King Edward vide himselfe.
Alacke I feare hele die before she come,
Runne quickly for some Rosa-solis, faint not sir,
Be of good comfort, come good mistris Shoare,
What haue you there?

Ia. Stand by and giue me leaue.

Bla. Unhappie me to lodge him in my house.

Ia. I warrant you woman, be not so afraid,
If not this bloud stone hangde about his necke,
This balme will stanch it by the helpe of God:
Lift vp his arme whilst I do bath his wound,
The signe belike was here when he was hurt,
Or else some principal and chiefe veine is pierst.

Bla. How euer sure the surgeon was a knaue,
That lookt no better to him at the first.

Ia. Blame him not mistris Blage, the best of them
In such a case as this, may be to sēke.

Bla. How God be blessed, see the crimson bloud,
That was precipitate, and falling downe
Into his arme, retires into his face,
How fare you sir? how do you fēle your selfe?

Sh. Oh wherefore haue you wakt me from my sleepe,
And broke the quiet slumber I was in,
Me thought I sate in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer any eie
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend,

If you had let me go I felt no paine,
But being now reuok't my griefe renewes.
Iane. Giue him some Rosa-solis mistris Blage,
And that will likewise animate the spirites,
And send alacritie vnto the heart.
That hath bin strugling with the pangs of death.
Bla. Here sir drinke this, you néd not feare it sir,
It is no hurt, sée I will be your taster,
Then drinke I pray you.
Ia. Now fellowes raise his bodie from the chaire
And gently let him walke a turne or two. (now
Bla. God soth mistris Shoare, I did not thinke till
You had béene such a cunning skilde Phisition.
Sh. Oh mistris Blage, though I must néds confesse,
It would haue béene more welcome to my soule,
If I had died and beene remoude at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane waight,
Then lingring here be made a packhorse stil
Of torments, in comparison of which
Death is but as the pricking of a thorne,
Yet I do thank you for your taken paines,
And would to God I could requite your loue.
Bla. Sir I did you little good, what was done
Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof
Vnto the Gentle woman, kind mistris Shoare,
Who next to God preserude your fæble life.
Sho. Now: Mistris Shoare, good friends let go your
My strenght is now sufficient of it selfe. (hold,
Oh is it she that still prolongs my woe:
Was it ordainde not onely at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now twise,
When gratious destinies had brought about,
To ende this wearie pilgrimage of mine,
Must she and none but she preuent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse:

Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse torasine,
It now repents me double that I scap'te,
Since life made death, and life's author hate.
Ia. Sir take my counsell and sit downe againe,
It is not good to be so bold of foot,
Upon the sudden till you haue more strength.
Sho. Mistris I thanke you, and I care not much
If I be ruled by you. sits downe.
Oh God that she should pittie me vnknowne,
That knowing me by her was ouerthrowne,
Or ignorantly she should regard this smart,
That heretofore sparde not to stab my heart.
Enter Brackenburie.
Bra. By your leaue mistris Blage, I am some what bold,
Is there not a gentleman within your house,
Cald M. Floud, came hither hurt last night?
Bla. Is his name Floud, I knew it not till now,
But here he is, and well recouered,
Thanks to this Gentlewoman mistris Shoare
Bra. Pardon me mistris Shoare, I saw you not,
And trust me I am sorie at the heart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath beene,
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are,
I promise you the world laments your case.
Ia. How meane you sir? I vnderstand you not?
Lament my case, for what? for Edwards death?
I know that I haue lost a gracious friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.
Bra. No mistris Shoare it is for Richards hate,
That too much enuies your prosperitie.
Ia. I know he loues me not and for that cause,
I haue withdrawne me wholy from the court.
Bra. You haue not seene the Proclamation then?
Ia. The Proclamation? no, what proclamation?
Bra. Oh mistris Shoare, the King in euery street
Of London, and in euerie boroughtowne,

Throughout

Throughout this land hath publikely proclaimd.
On paine of death that none shall harbour you.
Or giue you foode or clothes to keepe you warme,
But hauing first done shamefull penuance here,
You shal be then thrust forth the Cittie gates.
Into the naked cold forsaken field,
I fable not, I would to God I did,
See, heres the manner of it put in print,
Tis to be sold in euery Stationers shop,
Besides a number of them clapt on poasts.
Where people crowding as they reade your fall,
Some murmure, and some sigh, but most of them
Haue their relenting eyes euen big with teares.

Ia. Gods will be done, I know my sinne is great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust,
Cannot but must reward me heauily. (chance,

Bra. It grieues mee mistris Shoare, it was my
To be the first reporter of this newes.

Ia. Let it not grieue, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good, as at another time.

Bra. I pray ye mistris Blage haue care of Floud,
And what his charge is I will see you paide, Exit.

Ia. Farewel to all that stil shall be my song,
Let men impose vpon me nere such wrong,
And this extremitie shall seeme the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to leane vnto,
Sweet mistris Blage, there were vpon the earth,
No comfort left for miserable Iane,
But that I do presume vpon your loue,
I know though tyrant Richard had set downe,
A greater penaltie then is proclaimde.
Which cannot wel be thought, yet in your house,
I should haue succour and relefe beside,

Bla. What, and so I should be a traitor, should I,
Is that the care you haue of me and mine?
I thanke you truly, no theres no such matter,

I loue you well, but loue my selfe better:
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly,
But being otherwise, I doe reiect you,
And wil not cherish my Kings enemie:
You know the danger of the Proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house.

Ia. When was it euer seen Iane Shoare was false
Either vnto her countrey or her King?
And therefore tis not wel good mistris Blage,
That you vpbraid me with a traitors name.

Bla. I, but you haue beene a wicked liuer,
And now you see what tis to be vnchaste, (band.
You should haue kept you with your honest hus-
Twas neuer other like but that such like filthinesse,
Would haue a foule and detestable end.

Ia. Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
And studied how to set a glosse on that
Which now you say is vgly and deformde.

Bla. I told you then as then the time did serue,
And more indeed to trie your disposition,
Then anie waie to encourage you to sinne:
But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on tearmes of modestie,
I left you to your owne arbiterment:
Can you denie it was not so? how say you?

Ia. We wil not mistris Blage dispute of that,
But now in charitie and womanhood,
Let me find fauour if it be but this,
That in some barne or stable I may shrowde,
Til otherwise I be prouided for.

Bla. I pray ye do not vrge me mistris Shoare.
I wil not haue my house indangered so.

Ia. Oh you did promise I should neuer want,
And that your house was mine, & swore the same,
To keepe your oth be then compassionate.

Bla.

Bla, So you did sweare you would be true to Shoare
But you were not so good as your word,
My oathes disherit which by the Kings command.
Ia. Yet let me haue those iewels and that money,
Which is within my trunkes.
Bla. I know of none,
If there be anie, ile be so bolde,
As keepe it for your dyet and your mans.
It is no little charge I haue beene at.
To fede your daintie toth, since you came hither
Beside house roome, I am sure is somwhat worth.
Sho. Ah Iane I cannot chuse but pittie thee,
Heeres the first step to thy deepe miserie.
Ia. Oh that my grane had then bin made my house,
When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the court returnd vnto this place.

Enter two Apparators.

Ser. How now, what are you? it had been maners
You should haue knockt before you had come in.
1. Ap. We are the Bishops Parators my friend,
And mistris Shoare our errand is to you.
This day it is commanded by the King,
You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheet goe from temple barre,
Until you come to Algate, bare foted,
Your haire about your eares, and in your hand,
A burning taper, therefore go with vs. (to God.
Ia. Euen when and whither you wil, and would
The King as sone would rid my soule of sinne,
Ah hee may stript my bodie of these ragges.
2. Ap. That would bee sone enough, but come a-
And mistris Blage poule hardly answer it, (way
When it is knowne we found her in your house.
1. Ap. It seemes you do not feare to harbour her.
Bla. I harbour her? out on her strumpet queane,
She preest vpon me where I would or no:

Ile

Ile see her hangde ere I will harbour her.
So now her iewels and her gold is mine,
And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
Wealthier by this match then I was before:
And what can be obiected for the same.
That once I lou'de her: wel perhaps I did,
And women all are gouernd by the mone,
But now I am of another humour,
Which is you know a planet that wil change.
Cat. Now M. Sheriffe of London do your office
Attach this rebell to his Maiestie?
And hauing stript her to her petticoate,
Turne her out a doores, with this condition,
That no man harbour her, that durst presume
To harbour that lewde curtizan Shoares wife,
Against the strait commandement of the King.
Bla. I beseech you sir.
Cat. Away with her I say.
The while ile seaze upon her house and goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the King. Exit.
Sh. Oh what haue I beheld, were I as young,
As when I came to London to be prentice,
This pageant were sufficient to instruct,
And teach me euer after to be wise.
First haue I seene desert of wantonnesse,
And breach of wedlocke: then of flatterie,
Next of dissembling loue, and last of all,
The ruine of base catching auarice:
But poore Iane Shoare in that I lou'de thee once,
And was thy husband I must pittie thee,
The sparkes of olde affection long ago,
Rakte vp in ashes of displeasure kindle,
And in this furnace of aduersitie,
The world shall see a husbands loyalty. Exit.

Enter D. Shaw pensiuely reading on his booke, after him

him followes the ghost of Frier Anselme, with a lighted torch.

Sha. Spuria vitulamina non agēt radices altas.
Bastardly slips haue alwaies slender grouth,
Ah Shaw, this was the cursed theame,
That at Pauls crosse thou madest thy sermon of,
To proue the lawful issue of thy King,
Got out of wedlocke, illegittimate.
Ah Duke of Gloster this didst thou procure.
Did Richard (villaine) no it was thy fault,
Thou wouldst be wonne to such a damned deed,
Which now to think on makes my soule to bleede.
Ah Frier Anselme, sleepe among the blest,
Thy prophesie thus falsely did I wrest.

Enter Anselme.

An, Thou didst and be thou damnde therefore,
Here come thy soule where blessednesse abides,
Didst thou not know the letter G. was Gloster?

Sh. Anselme I did.

An. Why then didst thou affirme,
That it was meant by George the duke of Clarēce
That honorable harmelesse gentleman,
Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,
Yet came through thee to such a luckelesse death.

Sha, I was inforced by the Duke of Gloster.

An. Enforst saist thou? wouldst thou then be enforst
Being a man of thy profession,
To sinne so vilely, and with thine owne mouth,
To damne thy soule? no thou wast not enforc't,
But gaine and hope of high promotion
Hyrde thée thereto, say was it so or no?

Sha. It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy black hellish thoughts
How many mischiefes haue ensude here on?
First wronged Clarence drowned in the Towre,
Next, Edwards children murdred in the Towre;

This day at Pomfret noble Gentlemen, (heads.
Three the Queenes kinred, lose their harmeleſſe
Thinkſt thou that here this flood of miſchiefe ſtaies
No villaine, many are markt to the blocke,
And they the neareſt, thinke them furtheſt off,
Euen Buckingham, creator of that king,
Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.
All this (accurſed man) hath come by thee,
And thy falſe wreſting of my prophecie,
For Englands good diſcloſed to thy truſt,
And ſo it had beene, hadſt thou proued iuſt.
But thou and euerie one that had a hand,
In that moſt wofull murther of the Princes,
To fatall ends you are appointed al.
Here in thy ſtudy ſhalt thou ſterue thy ſelfe,
And from this houre not taſte one bit of foode,
The reſt ſhal after follow on a row,
To al their deaths, vengeance wil not be ſlow.

Enter a Meſſenger to Shaw.

Meſ. Where is M. Doctor Shaw?
Shaw, Here friend, what is thy wil with me?
Meſ. K. Richard praies ye to come to him ſtraite.
For he would be confeſt.
Shaw, I cannot come I pray thee take that Frier,
For he can do it better farre then I.
Meſ, A Frier M. Doctor I ſée none.
Sha. Doeſt thou not? no, thy vntainted ſoule
Cannot diſcerne the horrors that I doe.
An. Shaw go with him & tel that tyrant Richard.
He hath but three yeares limited for life,
And then a ſhamefull death takes hold on him,
That done, returne, and in thy ſtudie end
Thy loathed life that diſt vs all offend,
Sh. With all my heart, would it were ended now,
So it were done, I care not when nor how. Exeunt

Enter

Enter the two Parators, with mistris Shoare in a white sheet, barefooted, with her haire about her eares, and in her hand a waxe taper.

1. Par Now M. Shoare, here our commission ends,
Put off your roabe of shame, for this is Algate,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you,
Ia. My roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name
Should be applied vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to be condemnd of shame,
Then snow of putrefaction is detestude,
To couer an infectious heape of dung,
My roabe of shame, but not my shame put off,
For that sits branded on my forehead stil,
And therefore in derision was I wrapt,
In this white sheete: and in derision bore
This burning taper to expresse my folly,
That hauing light of reason to direct me,
Delighted yet in by-waies of darke error.
2. P. Wel M. Shoare, I hope you grudge not vs,
We shewde you all the fauour more men could.
Ia. Oh God forbid I know the Kings edict
Set you a worke, and not your owne desires.
1. P. I trulie mistris, and for our parts,
We could be wel content twere otherwise,
But that the lawes seuere, & so we leaue you. Exit.
Ia. Farewell vnto you both: and London too,
Farewell to thee, where first I was enticde,
That scandalizde thy dignitie with shame,
But now thou hast returnde me treble blame,
My tongue that gaue consent inioynde to beg.
Mine eies adiugde to bourely laments,
Mine armes for their embracings catch the aire,
And these quicke nimble feete that were so readie
To step into a Kings forbidden bed,
London thy flints haue punisht for their pride,

And thou hast drunke their blood for thy reuenge,
What now auailes to thinke what I haue bene,
Then welcome nakednesse and pouertie,
Welcome contempt, welcome you barren fields,
Welcome the lacke of meat, and lacke of friends,
And wretched lane, according to thy state,
Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be?
All things that breath, in their extremitie,
Haue some recourse of succour, thou hast none,
The child offended flies vnto the mother,
The souldiour stricke, retires vnto his Captaine,
The fish distressed, slides into the riuer,
Birds of the ayre do flie vnto their dammes,
And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded
Nay, beat the spannell, and his master mones him,
But I haue neither where to shroud my selfe,
Nor anie one to make my mone vnto,
Come patience then, and though my bodie pine,
Make then a banquet to refresh my soule,
Let hearts deepe throbbing sighs be all my bread,
My drink salt teares, my guests repentant thoughts
That who so knew me, and doth see me now,
May shunne by me the breach of wedlocks vow.

Enter Brackenburie with a prayer-book, & some reliefe in a cloath for mistris Shoare.

Bra, Oh God how ful of dangers growes these times.
And no assurance, scene in any state,
No man can say that he is master now,
Of anie thing is his, such is the tide
Of short disturbance running through the land,
I haue giuen ouer my office in the Towre,
Because I cannot breake their vile complots,
Nor smother such outragious villanies:
But mistris Shoare, to be so basely wronged,

And

And vildly vsde, that hath so well deserude,
It doth afflict me in the verie soule,
She saude my kinsman, Harrie Stranguidge life,
Therefore in dutie am I bound to her,
To do what good I may though law forbid,
See where she sits, God comfort thee good soule,
First take that to relieue thy bodie with,
And next receiue this booke, wherein is sowde,
Manna of heauen to refresh thy soule:
These holie meditations mistris Shoare,
Will yeeld much comfort in this miserie,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be vnmindfull of thy sinne.
Ia. Master Lieutenant, in my hart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule:
Welcome sweet prayer-booke, food of my life,
The soueraigne balme for my sicke conscience:
Thou shalt be my soules pleasure and delight,
To wipe my stanes out of Iehouaes sight.
B. Do so good mistris Shoare, now I must leaue ye
Because some other businesse cals me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. Exit.
Ia. Farewel sir Robert, and for this good to mee,
The God of heauen be mindfull stil of thee.

As she sits weeping & praying, enters at one dore young M. Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far off,
For but euen now I met the officers,
That were attendant on her in her pennance,
Ponder she sits, now then Aire shew thy selfe,
Thankeful to her, that sometime sau'de thy life,
When law had made thee subiect to base death,
Giue her thy purse, for here comes some Leuite,
Stand by a while, for leaue thou be discouered,

Ruff. What mistris Shoare, King Edwards concubine,
Set on a mole-hill, oh disparagement.
A throne were fitter for your Ladiship,
Fie wil you slubber these faire cheekes with teares:
Or sit so solitarie, wheres all your seruants:
Where is your gowne of silke, your perlwigs,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly iewels,
What not so much as a shoe vpon your foote,
Nay then I see the world goes hard with whores.
Aire. The villaine slaue gibes at her miserie.
Ruf. Now whether is it better to be in court,
And there to beg a licence of the King,
For transportation of commodities,
Then, ere to sit forsaken as thou dost,
I thinke vpon condition Edward liude,
And thou were still in fauour as before,
Thou wouldst not say that Rufford had deserude,
To haue his eares rent for a worser suite,
Then licence to shippe ouer corne and leade,
What not a word, faith wench ile tell thee what,
If thou dost thinke thy old trade out of date,
Go learne to play the bawde another while.
Ai. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scorne her so,
And vere her grieued soule with bitter taunts,
Ruf. Because I will, she is a curtisan,
And one abhorred of the world for lust,
Air. If all thy faultes were in thy forehead writ,
Perhaps thou wouldest thy selfe appeare no lesse,
But much more horrible then she doth now.
Ruff You are no iudge of mine sir.
Aire. Why nor thou of her.
Ruf. The world hath iudgde, and found her guiltie,
And tis the Kings commaund she be held odious.
Ai. The King of heauen commandeth otherwise,
And if thou be not willing to relieue her,
Let it suffize thou seest her miserable.

And studie not to amplifie her griefe.

Enter M. Blage verie poorely a begging, with her basket and clap-dish.

What other woful spectacle comes here?
Mistris take that and spend it for my sake.
When Rufford lookes away, Aire throwes his purse to Mistris Shoare. (want,

Bla. Oh I am pincht with more then common
Where shall I find relefe? God gentleman,
Pittie a wretched woman like to starue,
And I wil pray for ye. One halfepennie
For Christs sake, to comfort me withall.

Ruff. What M. Blage, ist you? no maruaile sure,
But you should be reliefde, a halfepenie quotha?
I marie sir, and so be hangde my selfe,
Not I, this Gentleman may if he please,
Get you to your companion M. Shoare,
And then there is a paire of queanes well met,
Now I bethinke me, ile go to the King,
And tell him that some wil relieue Shoares wife.
Except some officer there be appointed,
That carefully regards it be not so.
Thereof my selfe wil I make offer to him,
Which questionlesse he cannot but accept,
So shall I stil pursue Shoares wife with hate,
That scornd me in her high whores estate. Exit.

Bla. God Gentleman bestow your charitie,
One single halfepennie to helpe my néede.

Aire. Not one, were I the maister of a mint.
What? succour thee that didst betray thy friend?
See where she sits, whom thou didst scorne indéed,
And therefore rightly art thou scornd againe:
Thou thoughtst to beene riched by her goods,
But thou hast now lost both thy own and hers,
And for my part, knew I should saue thy life,

Thou

Thou shouldst not get so much as a crum of bread
Packe counterfeit, packe away dissembling drab.
Bla. Oh miserie, but shall I stay to looke
Her in her face whome I so much haue wronged?
Ia. Yes mistris Blage I freely pardon you,
You haue done me no wrong, come sit by me:
T'was so in wealth, why not in pouertie?
Bla. Oh willingly if you can brooke her presence,
Whom you haue greater reason to dispise.
Ia. Why woman, Richard that hath banisht me.
And seekes my ruine (causelesse though it be)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still,
Come thou and share with me what God hath sent,
A stranger gaue it me, and part thereof
I do as freely now bestow on you.
Bla. I thanke you mistris Shoare, this courtesie
Renewes the griefe of my inconstancie.

Enter master Shoare with reliefe for his wife.

Sho. Yonder she sits how like a withered tree,
That is in winter leaueless and bereft
Of liuely sappe, sits the poore abiect soule,
How much vnlike the woman is she now,
Shee was but yesterday: so short and brittle
Is this worlds happines: but who is that,
False mistris Blage? how canst thou brook hir Iane?
I thou wast alwaies mild and pittifull,
Oh hadst thou beene as chast, we had beene blest,
But now no more of that: she shall not starue,
So long as this, and such as this may serue,
Here mistris Shoare, feed on these homely Cates,
And there is wine to drinke them downe withal.
Ia. God sée your name, that pitties poore Ia. Shoare
That in my praiers I may remember you.
Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend,
That loues you well, so farewell mistris Shoare,

When

When that is ſpent, I vow to bring you more.
Ia. Gods bleſſing be your guide where ere you go,
Thus miſtris Blage you ſee amidſt our woe,
For all the world can doe, God ſends releiſe,
And will not yet we periſh in our griefe,
Come let vs ſtep into ſome ſecret place.
Bla. Tis not amiſſe, if you be ſo content,
For here the fields too open & frequent. Exeunt.
Where vndiſturbde we may partake this grace,
Maſter Shoare enters againe.
Sho. What is ſhe gone ſo ſone? alacke poore Iane,
How I compaſſionate thy wofull caſe?
Whereas we liude togither man and wife,
Oft on an humble ſtoole by the fire ſide,
Sate ſhe contented, when as my high heat,
Would chide her for it. But what would ſhe ſay?
Huſband we both muſt lower ſit one day,
When I dare ſweare ſhe neuer dreamd of this.
But ſee good God what proppheſying is.

Enter Rufford and Fogge, with the counterfait letter Pattents, Shoare ſtands aſide.

Ruff. This is King Richards hand, I know it wel,
And this of thine is iuſtly counterfeit,
As he himſelfe would ſweare it were his owne.
Sh. The kings hand counterfeit? liſt more of that.
Ruff. Why euerie letter, euerie little daſh,
In all reſpects alike, now may I vſe,
My tranſportation of my corne and hides,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe,
And ſo I would haue done in Edwards daies,
But that good miſtris Shoare did pleaſe to croſſe me,
But marke how now I will requite her for it.
I moude my ſute, and plainely told the king,
Some would relieue her, if no man had charge,
To ſée ſeuerely to the contrarie.

Forthwith his Grace appointed me the man,
And gaue me officers to waite vpon mee,
Which will so countenance thy cunning worke,
As I shall no way be suspected in it: how saist thou
Fogge. It will do well indeed: (Fogge:
But good sir haue a care in any case,
For else you know what harme may come thereon.
Ruff. A care saiest thou? why man, I will not trust
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,
But mine owne bosome, there will I keepe it still,
If I miscarrie so doth it with me.
Shoare. Are ye so cunning sir, I say no more,
Iane Shoare or I may quittance you for this. Exit.
Ruff. Well Fogge I haue contented thee,
Thou maist be gone I must about my charge,
To see that none releeue Shoares wife with ought. Exit. Fog.

Enter the Officers with bils.

Come on good fellowes, you that must attend,
Vpon Richards seruice vnder my commannd,
Your charge is to be verie vigilant,
Ouer that strumpet whom they call Shoares wife:
If any traitour giue her but a mite,
A draught of water, or a crust of bread,
Or any other sode what ere it bee,
Lay holo on him, for it is present death,
By good King Richards proclamation,
This is her haunt, here stand I Sentinell,
Keepe you vnseene, and aide me when I call.

Enter Iockie and Ieffrey, with a bottle of Ale, Cheese, and halfe pennie loaues, to plaie at bowles, mistris Shoare enters and sits where she was wont.

Iock. Now must I vnder colour of playing at bowles, help till releeue my gude maistres, maistres Shoare. Come Ieffrey, wee will play fiue vp for this bottle of A e, and yonder gude pure wooman shall keepe the stakes, and this cheese shal be the measter.

They

They play ſtill towards her, & Iockie often breakes bread and cheeſe, & giues her, till Ieffrey being cald away then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Ruff. Here is a villaine, that will not relieue her,
But yet heele looſe he bowles, that way to helpe her,
Apprehend him fellowes when I bid ye:
Although his mate be gone, he ſhal pay for it.
Take him and let the Beadles whip him wel.
Iock. Heare ye ſir, ſhal they be whipt and hangd that giue to the pure, then they ſhal be damne that take fro the pure.

They lead him away.

Enter young Aire againe, and Shoare ſtands aloofe off.

Aire. Oh yonder ſits the ſweet forſaken ſoule,
To whom for euer I ſtand deeply bound:
She ſau'de my life, then Aire helpe to ſaue hers.
Ruf Whither go ye ſir?
You come to giue this ſtrumpet ſome relieſe.
Air. She did more good then euer thou canſt doe,
And if thou wilt not pitie her thy ſelfe,
Giue others leaue, by dutie bound thereto,
Here miſtris Shoare, take this, and would to God
It were ſo much as my poore heart could wiſh.

He giues his purſe

Sho, Who is it that thus pities my poore wife,
Tis M. Aire, Gods bleſſing on him for it.
Ruff, Darſt thou doe ſo Aire?
Air, Rufford I dare do more:
Here is my ring it waies an ounce of gold,
And take my cloake to keepe ye from the cold.
Ruff. Thou art a traytor Aire.
Air. Rufford, thou art a villaine ſo to call me.
Ruff. Lay hold on him, attach him officers.
Air, Rufford, ile anſwer thine arreſt with this,

He drawes his rapier, but he is apprehended

Ruff. All this contending sir will not availe,
This treason wil be rated at thy life.

Aire. Life is too little for her sake that saude it.

Sh. Is he a traitour sir, for doing good?
God saue the King, a true heart meanes no ill.
I trust he hath reclaimde his sharpe edict,
And will not that his poorest subiect perish,
And so perswaded I my selfe will doe,
That which both loue and nature binds me to.
I cannot giue her as she well deserues,
For she hath lost a greater benefite.
Poore woman take that purse.

Ruff. Ile takte away.

Sho. You shall not sir, for I wil answer it,
Before the King if you inforce it so.

Ruff. It must be so, you shall vnto the King.

Sho. You will be he wil first repent the thing:
Come M. Aire, ile beare ye companie,
Which wise men say doth ease calamity, Exeunt

Iane. If griefe to speech free passage could afford,
Or for each woe I had a fitting word,
I might complaine, or if my flouds of teares,
Could moue remorse of minds, or pearse dul ears,
Or wash away my cares, or clense my crime:
With words & teares I would bewaile the time.
But it is bootlesse, why liue I to see,
All those despised that do pittie me.
Despisde: alas, destroyed, and led to death,
That gaue me almes here to prolong my breath.
Faire Dames Behold, let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue. Exit.

Enter King Richard, Louell, Catesbie, Rufford, Shoare, and Aire pinioned and led betwixt two Officers.

Glo. Now tell vs, Rufford which of these it is,

That

That in the heat of his vpheaued ſpléne,
Contemnes our crowne, diſdaines our dignitie,
And armes himſelfe againſt authoritie.
Ruff. Both haue offended my dread ſoueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall,
Theſe lines declare what, when, & where it was
Glo. Which is that Aire?
Ruff. This young man my Liege.
Glo. I thought it was ſome hote diſtempred blood,
That fierd his gyddie braine with buſineſſe:
Is thy name Aire?
Aire. It is.
Glo. This paper ſaies ſo.
Aire. Periſh may he that made that paper ſpeak.
Glo. Ha? Doſt thou wiſh confuſion vnto vs?
This paper is the Organe of our power,
And ſhall pronounce thy condemnation,
We make it ſpeake thy treaſon to thy face,
And thy malitious tong ſpeakes treaſon ſtill.
Relieu'ſt thou Shoares wife in contempt of vs?
Aire. No, but her iuſt deſert,
She ſau'de my life, which I had forfeited:
Whereby my goods and life ſhe merited
Glo. And thou ſhalt pay it in the ſelfe ſame place,
Where thou this man our Officer, didſt outface,
And ſcorndſt vs ſaying if we ſtood by,
Thou wouldſt relieue her.
Aire. I do it not denie.
For want of food her breath was neere expirde,
I gaue her meanes to buy it vndeſirde,
And rather chuſe to die for charitie,
Then liue condemned of ingratitude.
Gl. Your good deuotion brings you to the gallowes,
He hath his ſentence, Rufford ſée him hangd.
They lead out Aire,
Now ſir your name?

Sh. Is it not written there?
Glo. Yeres Mathew Floud.
Ruff. That is his name my Lord.
Glo. Is thy name Floud?
Sho. So my Rufford saies.
Glo. Floud and Aire the elements conspire,
In ayre and water to confound our power: (wife?
Didst thou relieue that hatefull wretch Shoares
Sh. I did relieue that woful wretch Shoares wife.
Gl. Thou semst a man wel staide and temperate,
Durst thou infringe our Proclamation?
Sho. I did not breake it.
Ruff. Yes and added more.
That you would answere it before the King.
Sho. And added more you would repent the thing
Ruff. Who, I? his highnes knows my innocence,
And readie service with my goods and life,
Answere thy treasons to his maiestie. (not die?
Gl. What canst thou say Floud why thou shouldst
Sho. Nothing for I am mortall and must die,
When my time comes, but that I thinks not yet,
Although (God knows) each houre I wish it were,
So ful of dolor is my wearie life?
Now say I this, that I do know the man,
Which doth abette that traiterous libeller.
Who did compose and spread that slanderous rime
Which scandals you and doth abuse the time.
Glo. What libeller? another Collingborne?
That wrot: The Cat, the Rat, and Louel our dog
Do rule all England vnder a hog.
Canst thou repeat it Floud?
Sho. I thinke I can if you command me so.
Glo. We do command thee,
Sho. In this sort it goes.
The crooke bakt Boare the way hath found,
To root our Roses from our ground.

Both

Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beasts the swine be crownde:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.

Finis quoth M. Fogge, chiefe secretarie & counsellor to M. Rufford.

Glo. How saist thou Floud, doth Rufford foster this?

Sh. He is a traitour if he do my Lord.

Ruff. I foster it? dread Lord I aske no grace,
If I be guiltie of this libelling,
Vouchsafe me iustice as you are my prince,
Against this traitour that accuseth me.

Sh. what iustice crau'st thou? I wil combat thee,
In signe whereof I do vnbutton me,
And in my shirt my challenge wil maintaine,
Thou cal'st me traitor, I will proue thee one,
Open thy bosome like me if thou dar'st?

Ruff. I wil not be so rude before his grace.

Sh. Thou wilt not open the packe of thy disgrace,
Because thy doublets stuft with traiterous libels.

Glo. Catesbie teare off the buttons from his brest
What findst thou there?

Cat. Your highnes hand and seale,
For transportation of hides, corne and lead.

Glo. Traitor, did I signe that commission?

Ruff. O pardon me most royall King.

Glo, Pardon? to counterfeit my hand and seale?
Haue I bestowde such loue, such countenance?
Such trust on thee, and such authoritie,
To haue my hand and signet counterfet?
To carrie corne the food of all the land,
And lead, which after might annoy the land,
And hides, whose leather most relieue the land,
To strangers enemies vnto the land:
Didst thou so nerely counterfeit my hand?

Ruff. Not I my liege, but Fogge the attourney.

Glo.

Glo. Away with him Louell and Catesbie, go,
Command the Sheriffes of London presently,
To see him drawne, and hangd, and quartered,
Let them not drinke before they sée him dead.
Hast you againe.

Louell and Catesbie lead out Rufford.

Ruff. Well Floud thou art my death,
I might haue liude t'haue seene thée lose thy head.

Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy crueltie,
Against the guiltlesse soules in miserie,
I aske no fauour if I merit death

Glo. Crau'st thou no fauour? then I tell thee Floud
Thou art a traitor breaking our edict,
By succouring that traitrous queau Shoares wife.
And thou shalt die.

Sho. If I haue broke the law.

Glo. If traitor? didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And dost thou not maintaine the deed?

Enter Louell and Catesbie againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting heart,
Of a kind husband, wronged by a King,
To pittie his poore weake seduced wife,
Whome all the world must suffer by commaund,
To pine and perish for the want of food:
If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue,
To burie his owne wrong and her misdéd,
And giue her meat whom he was wont to fédde,
Then Shoare must die, for Floud is not my name,
Though once I tooke it to conceale my shame
Pittie permits not iniured Shoare passe by,
And sée his once lou'de wife with famine die.

Glo. Louell and Catesbie, this is Shoare indeed,
Shoare, we confesse that thou hast priuiledge,
And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband whom it concerns,

And

And thou maist lawfully relieue thy wife,
Upon condition thou forgiue her fault,
Take her againe, and vse her as before. (Shoare?
Hazard new hornes, how saiest thou, wilt thou
Sho. If any but your grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproch should roughly be repaid.
Suppose for treason that she lay condemnde,
Might I not fede her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor for it?
Glo. Thou mightst.
Sh. And why not now (O pardon me dread Lord)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?
Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do, expect what doth belong.
Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong. (loue.
Glo. Then neuer feede her whom thou canst not
Sho. My charitie doth that compassion moue.
Glo. Moue vs no more, Louell let Aire be hangd,
Iust in the place where he relieud Shoares wife:
Shoare hath his pardon for this first offence.
The name of husband pleads his innocence,
Away with them: Catesbie come you with vs?
Exeunt.

Iockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance. Then is young Aire brought foorth to execution, with the Sheriffe and Officers, Mistris Shoare weeping, and Master Shoare standing by.

Aire. God mistris Shoare, grieue me not with your teares,
But let me go in quiet to my end.
Iane. Alas poore soule,
Was neuer innocent thus put to death.

Air. The more my ioy, that I am innocent,
My death is the lesse grieuous, I am so.
Ia. Ah M. Aire. the time hath been ere now,
When I haue kneeld to Edward on my knees,
And begd for him, that now doth make me beg,
I haue giuen him, when he hath begd of me,
Though he forbids to giue me when I beg,
I haue ere now relieued him and his,
Though he and his denie reliefe to me:
Had I been enuious then as Richard now,
I had not starud, nor Edwards sons bin murdred,
Nor Richard liude to put you now to death.
Aire. The more Iane is thy vertue and his sinne.
Sher. Come sir dispatch.
Aire. Dispatch say you: dispatch you may it call,
He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.
Ia. Lord, is my sinne so horrible and grieuous,
That I should now become a murderer?
I haue saud the life of many a man condemnd,
But neuer was the death of man before.
That any man thus for my sake should die,
Afflicts me more then all my miserie.
Aire. Iane be content,
I am as much indetted vnto thee,
As vnto nature, I owed thee a life,
When it was forfeit vnto death by law,
Thou begdst it of the king and gau'st it mee:
This house of fleih wherein this soule doth dwel,
Is thine, and thou art Landladie of it,
And this poore life a Tenant but at pleasure,
It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
But hath runne in arrerage all this while,
And now for verie shame comes to discharge it,
When death distraines for what is but thy due,
I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
But by thy onely mercie to preserue it,

Until

Vntill I loſe it for my charitie.
Thou giu'ſt me more then euer I can pay,
Then do thy pleaſure executioner,
And now farewel, kind vertuous miſtris Shoare,
In heauen wee'le meete againe, in earth no more.

Here he is executed.

Ia. Farewel, farewel, thou for thy almes doſt die,
And I muſt end here ſtarude in miſerie,
In like my friend, in death ile not forſake thee.
Thou goeſt to heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.

Sho. O would what art thou man, euen from his birth
Findes nothing elſe but miſerie on earth,
Thou neuer (would) ſcorn'dſt me ſo much before,
But I (vaine would) doe hate thee ten times more.
I am glad I ſee approching death ſo nie,
Would thou hateſt me, I thee vaine would defie.
I pray yee yet good maſter officers,
Do but this kindneſſe to poore wretched ſoules,
As let vs haue the buriall of our friend,
It is but ſo much labour ſaude for you.

She. There take his body, bury it where you will.
So it be quickly done out of the way.

Exit Sherife and Officers.

Ia. Whats he that begs the buriall of my friend,
And hath ſo oftentimes relieued mee?
Ah gentle ſir, to comfort my ſad woe,
Let me that good kind man of mercie know.

Sho. Ah Iane, now there is none but thou and I
Looke on mee wel, knowſt thou thy Ma Shoare?

Ia. My husband? then breake and liue no more

She ſwounds and he ſupports her in his armes.

Sho. Ah my deere Iane, comfort thy heauie ſoule,
Go not away ſo ſoone, a little ſtay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together die,

Iane. How can I looke vpon my husbands face.

That shamde my self, & wrought his deep disgrace?
Sh. Iane be content our woes are now alike,
With one self rod thou seest God doth vs strike,
If for thy sin, ile pray to heauen for thee,
And if for mine, do thou as much for me,
Ia. Ah Shoare, ist possible thou canst forgiue me?
Sho. Yes Iane I doe.
Ian. I cannot hope thou wilt:
My faults so great that I cannot expect it.
Sho. Ifaith I do, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to be forgiuen.
Ia. Then God reward thee, for we now must part
I feele cold death doth seize vpon my heart.
Sho. And he is come to me, here he lyes,
I feele him readie to close vp mine eies,
Lend me thy hand to burie this our friend,
And then we both wil hasten to our end.

Here they put the body of yong Aire into a Coffin, & the he sits downe one the one side of it, & she on the other.

Iane. sit thou there, here I my place will haue,
Giue me thy hand, thus wee embrace our graue,
Ah Iane, he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now behold our miserie:
But be content this is the best of al,
Lower then now we are, wee cannot fall.
Iane. Ah, I am faint, how happie Aire art thou,
Not feeling that which doth afflict vs now?
Sho. Oh happie graue, to vs this comfort giuing,
Here lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Here for his sake, loe this we do for thee,
Thou lookst for one, and art possest of three.
Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh sweet married death
Thou graue which only shouldst part faithfull friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost ioyne our hands,
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,

Yet

Yet ere I goe, once Mathew kisse thy wife.
He kisseth her and she dyes.

S. Ah my sweet Iane, farewel, farewel poore soule,
Now tyrant Richard do the worst thou canst.
She doth defie thee, oh vnconstant world,
Here lies a true anatomie of thee,
A King had all my ioy, that her inioyde,
And by a King againe she was destroide:
All ages of my kingly woes shal tel,
Once more inconstant world farewel, farewel,
he dyes.

Enter sir Robert Brackenburie, with two or three of his seruants.

B. Sirs if the King, or else the duke of Buckingham
Do send for me I wil attend them straight,
But what are these here openly lie dead,
Oh Cock, the one is mistris Shoare, & this is Floud
That was my man: the third is M. Aire,
Who suffered death for his relieuing her,
They shall not thus lie in the open way,
Lend me your hands, and heauie hearts withall,
At mine owne charge ile giue them buriall.
They beare them thence.

Enter K. Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aire of Warwicke, Louell, Catesbie, Fogg & attendants.

Rich. Most noble Lords since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bounties,
T'empale my temples with the Diademe.
How far my quiet thoughts haue euer béene,
From this great maiestike soueraignte,
Heauen best can witnesse: I am your King,
Long may I be so, to deserue your loue,
But I wil be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleeps may giue you rest.

But onely that my blood doth chalenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with al my heart I could,
This maiestie had sitten on the throne
Of any other: so much do I affect a private life,
To spend my dayes in contemplation.
But since that heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the crowne as meekely at your hands
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any newe borne babe. Thus must thou Richard
Seeme as a saint to men in outward shew, aside
Being a verie diuill in thy heart:
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from ouerlookers eyes.

Buck. My Soueraigne by the general consent
Of al the Lords and commons of the land,
I tender to your royal maiestie,
This princely Lady, the Lady Anne of Warwick
Iudged the only worthiest of your loue,
To be your highnesse bride, faire Englands Queen.

Rich. My royal Princely Cosin Buckingham,
I see you striue to bleste me more and more,
Your bountie is so large and ample to me,
You ouerflow my spirits with your great loue,
I willingly accept this vertuous Princesse,
And crowne her Angel beautie with my loue.

Lo. Then as the hand of your high parliament,
I giue her here vnto your maiestie.

Rich. Lord Louell I as hartily receiue her,
Welcome faire Queene.

C. And from the Lords and commons of your land
I giue the free and voluntarie oath,
Of their allegeance to your maiestie,
As to their soueraigne and liege Lord and Ladie,
Richard the third, and beauteous Anne his Queen,
The true and lawful King and Queen of England.

Rich. I doe accept it Catesbie, and returne,
Exchange of mutuall and partie loue.
Now Fogge to, that in your traiterous Libels,
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seale
For Rufford, though so great a fault deserude
To suffer death as he alreadie hath,
Going about to slubber our renowne,
And woounde vs, with reproch and infamie,
Yet Fogge that thou thy selfe maist plainely see,
How farre I am from seeking sharpe reuenge,
Fogge I forgiue thee, and withall we do.
Repeale our heauie sentence against Shoares wife,
Restoring all her goods, for we intend,
With all the world now to be perfect friends,

Cat. Why my good Lord, you know she is dead alreadie.

R. True Catesbie, else I nere had spoke such words, aside
Alas I see our kindnesse comes too late,
For Catesbie tels me she is dead alreadie.

Cat, I my good Lord so is her husband too.

Rich. Would they had stude, to see our friendly change,
But Catesbie, say, where dide Shoare and his wife?

Cat. Where Aire was hangde for giuing her reliefe,
There both of them round circkling his cold graue,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people for the loue they beare to her,
And her kind husband, pittying his wrongs,
For euer after meane to cal the ditch,
Shoares Ditch, as in the memorie of them,
Their bodies in the Friers minorites,
Are in one graue enterred al together,
But mistris Blage for ingratitude,
To mistris Shoare, lies dead vnburied,
And no one wil afford her buriall.

Ric. But mistris Blage she shall haue burial too,
What now we must be friends, indeed we must,
And now my Lords, I giue you al to know,

In

In memorie of our eternall loue,
I doe ordaine an order of the bathe,
Twelue Knights in number of that royall sort,
Which order with all princely ceremonies,
Shall be obserude in all royall pompe,
As Edwards our forefather of the garter,
Which feast our selfe, and our beloued Quéene,
Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buc. Now am I bold to put your grace in mind
Of my long suite, and partly your owne promise,
The Earle of Herefords land.

Rich. Cosin weele better thinke on that hereafter

Buc, My pains my Lord hath not deserude delay

Ric. Wil you appoint our time, then you shall stay.
For this hote hastinesse sir you shal stay,
Powre vs no more you were best.

Buc, I Richard, is it come to this?
In my first suite of all, dost thou denie me?
Breake thine owne word, & turne me off so sleightly,
Richard thou hadst as good haue damnd thy soule,
As basely thus to deale with Buckingham:
Richard ile sit vpon thy crumped shoulder:
Ifaith I will, if heauen will giue me leaue,
And Harrie Richmond, this hand alone,
Shal fetch thee home, and seat thee in his throne.

Exit

Rich. What is he gone in heat, why farewell he,
He is displeasde, let him be pleasde againe,
We haue no time to thinke on angrie men;
Come my sweét Quéene, let vs goe solemnize,
Our knighthoods order in most royall wise.

Exeunt.

FINIS.